

Keate, George, 1729-1797

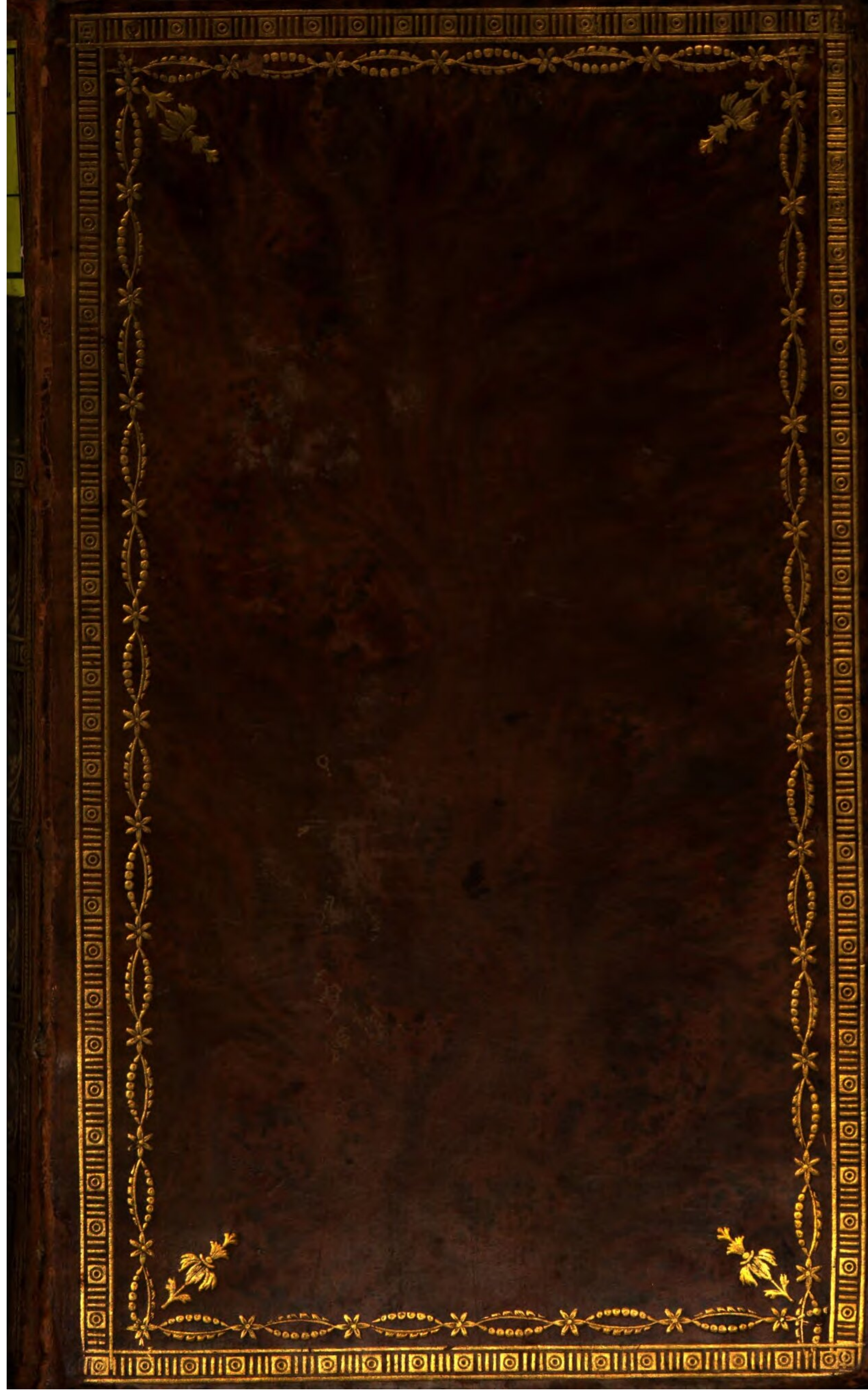
The Poetical Works Of George Keate, Esq

Bd.: 1.

London (1781)

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GEORGE KEATE ESQ^R.

THE
POETICAL WORKS
OF
GEORGE KEATE, ESQ.

V O L I



L O N D O N :

PRINTED FOR J. BODLEY, IN PAUL-NEXE.

M.DCC.LXXX.



GEORGE KEATE ESQ^R

THE
POETICAL WORKS
OF
GEORGE KEATE, Esq.

V O L. I.



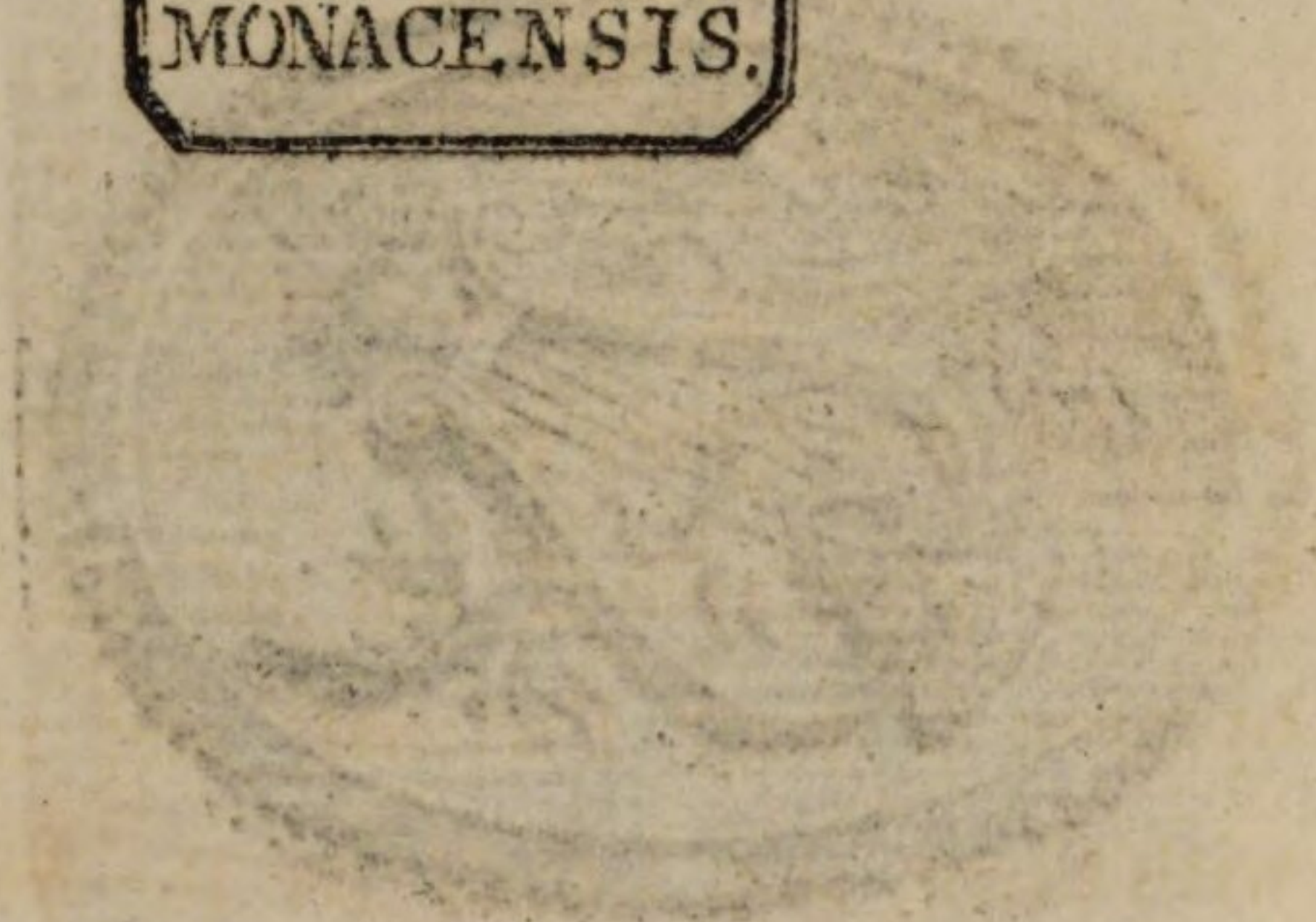
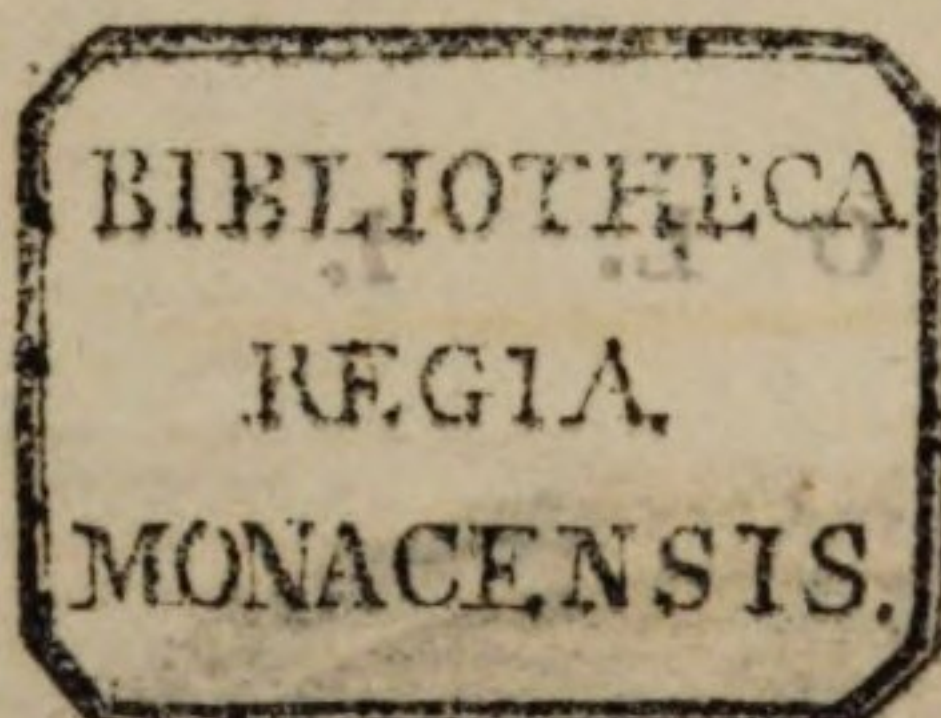
L O N D O N :
PRINTED FOR J. DODSLEY, IN PALL-MALL.

M.DCC.LXXXI.

THE
POETICAL WORKS

OF

GEORGE KEATSE, ESQ.



LONDON:

PRINTED FOR J. DODSLEY, IN FLEET-MALL.

M.DCC.LXXXI.

T O

Dr. HEBERDEN.

MY DEAR SIR,

IN dedicating this Collection of my
Poetical Works to You, the World
will imagine that I am of the same
opinion as your Patients, and think
with them, that I shall live the longer
by having You so near me.

Indeed had either my Talents, or

the natural bent of my Pursuits ever qualified me for Productions of deeper Science, I know of no Name under whose Patronage they could with more propriety have sheltered themselves ; as it falls to the Lot of few Men to embrace so wide a Field of Learning as You have done, and to fewer, to accompany such superior Knowledge, with that LIBERALITY, CANDOUR, and universal BENEVOLENCE, which have rendered your Character so truly respectable.

My view in presenting You these Poems, is merely to pay an affectionate Homage to that Intimacy, from which

I have

I have for very many years derived so much Pleasure and Advantage.—

And I flatter myself that they may appear to be the less unworthy your Acceptance from the consideration that my Pen hath never been engaged either in PARTY, or PERSONALITY, nor hath written a line that I was conscious could give offence.—Its sole object hath been, either to spread to the Imagination, the beauties of Nature, or of Art; or to bring forth in an amiable point of view, those Excellencies which I have found in private Characters, with whom it has been my happiness in life to have been connected; —Ever aiming in all my Compositions

positions to deduce from them such moral Sentiments as might naturally arise out of the subject before me.— Eight of the longer Poems in this Collection have appeared many years since, at different periods, and have been very favourably received by the Public.—To the candour of the same Public I submit these Volumes.

Ignorant as I now am of their future Fate, I feel no common degree of Pleasure in reflecting, that wherever they hereafter may spread, my Name will receive Reputation from Yours.— And in whatever light I may in future Times be considered as a PoET, it will
 ever

ever stamp a Credit on me as a MAN
to have been so long honoured with
the Friendship of Dr. HEBERDEN.

I am, with the sincerest regard,

Dear Sir,

Your very affectionate

And obliged servant,

London,
May 1781.

GEO. KEATE.

[11]

consequently as it is on the same day
to have been to long to mention
the friendship of Mr. Harrison.

I am with the kindest regards

Dear Sir

FAMILY MEETING

Your very respectful

And obliged servant

London,
May 1791.

A. J. L.

Geo. Keble

THE
FAMILY MEETING;

A T A L E.

VOL. I.

B

The father of the artist.

THE
FAMILY MEETING;
A TALE.

IT happen'd once, but when, or where,
It matters not a single hair,
The father of a numerous race
Dispers'd in many a distant place,
Unwilling that they more should roam,
Felt a desire to call them home :
Their situations were precarious,
Their notions, and pursuits too, various ;
But this you'll see with half an eye,
If I describe the family ;

The matter easily is done,
So take the children, son by son.——

It chanc'd to be the ELDEST's * doom
Early to fix himself at ROME,
Eager those boasted arts t'explore
Which flourish'd there in days of yore.——
The SECOND †, an adventurous youth,
Fond of simplicity and truth,
Made wild HELVETIA's scenes his choice,
Allur'd by Liberty's sweet voice.——
The THIRD ‡, renouncing pleasure's calls,
In our fam'd TOWER's ill-fated walls

* The Poem of ANCIENT AND MODERN ROME.

† The HELVETIAD.

‡ Epistle from Lady JANE GRAY to Lord GUILFORD
DUDLEY.

Indulg'd

Indulg'd his solitary way,
 And wept thy worth, excelling GRAY,
 Lov'd fair-one ! with each virtue born,
 That could the human mind adorn !——
 ONE *, struck with nature's true sublime,
 Resolv'd the rugged ALPS to climb,
 And there enraptur'd took his post
 'Midst regions of eternal frost.——
 A FIFTH †, recluse, and deep in thought,
 The convent's lonely ruins fought ;
 Pleas'd with its gloom, he pass'd his hours
 In NETLEY's antiquated tow'rs.——
 The SIXTH ‡, more active, and more prudent,
 Became a pert young TEMPLE STUDENT,

* The ALPS, a Poem.

† NETLEY ABBEY, an Elegy.

‡ The TEMPLE STUDENT, an Epistle.

Pursu'd the law, resolv'd to try it,
 But never got one guinea by it.—
 The NEXT * resign'd his youthful heart
 A vot'ry to poetic art;
 No serious toils could him engage,
 He woo'd the muses, lov'd the stage,
 And, warm'd by his theatric turn,
 Hung a fond wreath on CIBBER's urn.—
 The EIGHTH †, with equal ardour fir'd,
 The drama's perfect laws admir'd,
 And fought them in those shades rever'd
 Which the *Great Bard* of FERNEY rear'd;
 There he ambitious wish'd to raise
 A trophy to that poet's praise,
 Whose genius and example taught
 The heights to which they might be brought.—

* A Poem to the memory of Mrs. CIBBER.

† FERNEY, an Epistle to Mons. de VOLTAIRE.

The LAST * that rov'd, was FANCY's child,
 With each romantic notion wild;
 In search of happiness he flies,
 Seeks it beneath ARCADIAN skies,
 But finds his visionary scheme
 Was but a MONUMENTAL dream.——

The father, as I said before,
 Turning full oft' these matters o'er,
 Resolv'd a spacious house to build,
 And have it with his children fill'd,
 That they, like birds of the same feather,
 Might all return, and dwell together.
 The size was fix'd, the plan was laid,
 And DODSLEY supervisor made;
 For DODSLEY long was us'd to be
Fac totum in the family:

* THE MONUMENT IN ARCADIA, a Dramatic
 Poem.

Knew each child's merits to a tittle,
 Had nurs'd them all when they were little,
 Had brought them forward one by one,
 Nay taught them too alone to run :
 His heart accustom'd long to feel
 Their int'rests with the warmest zeal,
 He like a steady faithful servant,
 Was in this bus'ness mighty fervent.

" What joy," he cries, " from all disasters
 " To see safe home my dear young masters ! —
 " I call them young, for twenty years
 " When past, as yesterday appears !
 " They'll find *me* older grown, no doubt,
 " But TULLY'S HEAD will mark me out. —
 " Would they were come ! — I long to see
 " *You* circled with your family !
 " Then urge their haste, for in a trice
 " Your house will be compleat, and nice." —

Th'

Th' advice was good ; the father writes,
 And all his family invites,
 Each in the kindest terms intréating
 To come and form a GENERAL MEETING.

“ Children,” says he, “ it moves my wonder,
 “ That you have liv’d so long afunder,
 “ Dispers’d in such far distant places,
 “ You scarcely know each other’s faces !—
 “ By my own reck’ning it appears
 “ Some have been absent twice ten years,
 “ Which makes me with impatience burn
 “ To see, and welcome your return.
 “ Then cheerfully obey my call,
 “ I’ve room enough to lodge you all ;
 “ And e’en should time more children bring,
 “ I may hereafter add a wing.
 “ Here you may live with one another,
 “ And each protect *a younger brother,*
 “ Who

“ Who never yet from home have stray’d,
 “ And want your *countenance* and *aid*.
 “ You’ve seen the world enough, and know it,
 “ And to the *little folks* must show it.”—

Swift as the post the mandate flew,
 And homeward soon all parties drew.
 The house in nicest order drest,
 They met—with joy each other prest,
 And talking over their past dangers,
 Vow’d they no more would live as strangers;
 But whatsoever should betide,
 Would fall, or prosper—side by side.—
 DODSLEY slept in with eager pace,
 Presented them his well-known face,
 And still his honest zeal expressing,
 Gave each his welcome, and his blessing.

Now

Now, reader, sure you cannot fail
To mark the moral to our tale ;
A hint from me might give offence
To your discernment, and your sense :
But if *this family* should share,
Hap'ly, your patronage and care ;
Or of *our house* if more you'd see,
At TULLY'S HEAD you'll find the *key*.

Now, reader, have your sword all

To mark the model to our tale;

A hint from me might give offence

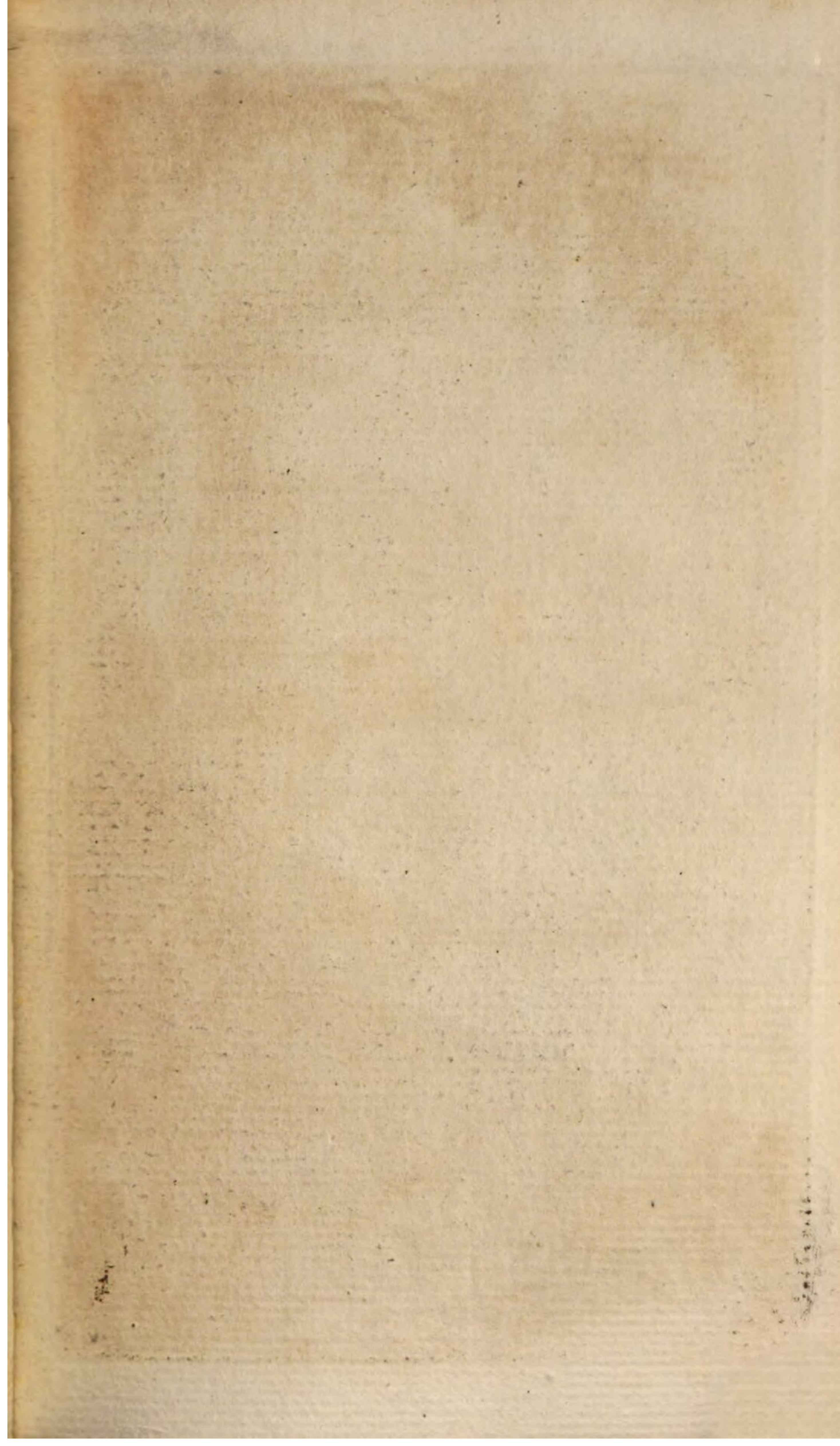
To your discernment, and your taste;

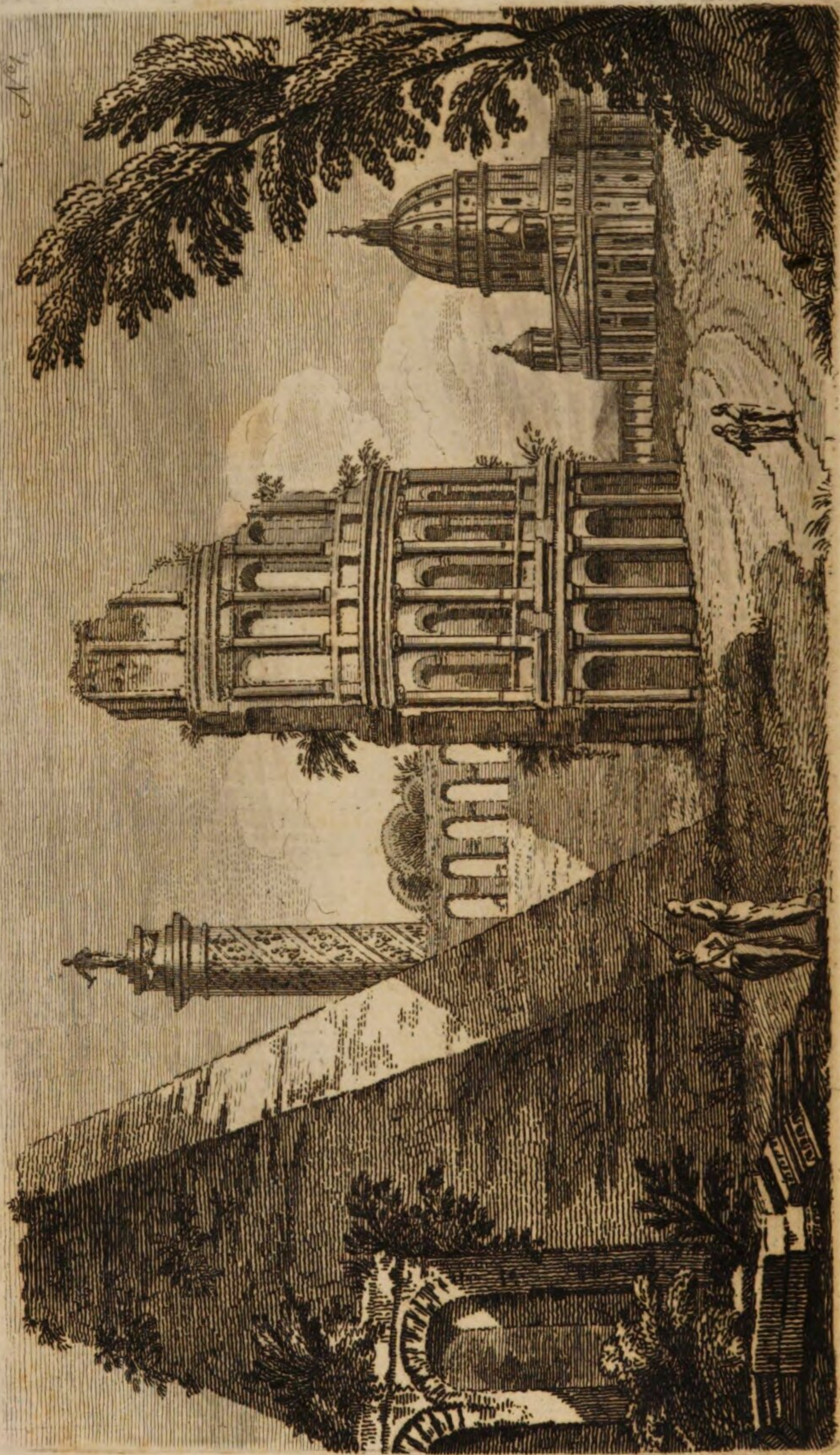
But if I should should thus

Happy, your passages and case;

Of the new world to you I see,

At Tullus, I see you find the way.





ANCIENT AND MODERN

R O M E;

A P O E M.

WRITTEN AT ROME IN THE YEAR M.DCC.LV.

Sum ex iis qui mirer Antiquos : Non tamen, ut quidam, temporum nostrorum ingenia despicio. Neque enim quasi lassæ, et effæta natura, ut nihil jam laudabile pariat.

PLIN. Epist. lib. vi. ep. 21.

FIRST PRINTED IN THE YEAR M.DCC.LX.

The matter easily is done,
So take the children, son by son.——

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Which flourish'd there in days of yore.——
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“ Dispers'd in such far distant places,

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“ By my own reck'ning it appears

“ Some have been absent twice ten years,

“ Which makes me with impatience burn

“ To see, and welcome your return.

“ Then cheerfully obey my call,

“ I've room enough to lodge you all ;

“ And e'en should time more children bring,

“ I may hereafter add a wing.

“ Here you may live with one another,

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“ Who never yet from home have stray’d,

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Now, reader, sure you cannot fail
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Hap'ly, your patronage and care ;
Or of *our house* if more you'd see,
At TULLY'S HEAD you'll find the *key*.

Now, reader, have your choice fall

To mark the model to our taste;

A hint from me might give offence

To your discernment, and your taste:

But if you think I should thus

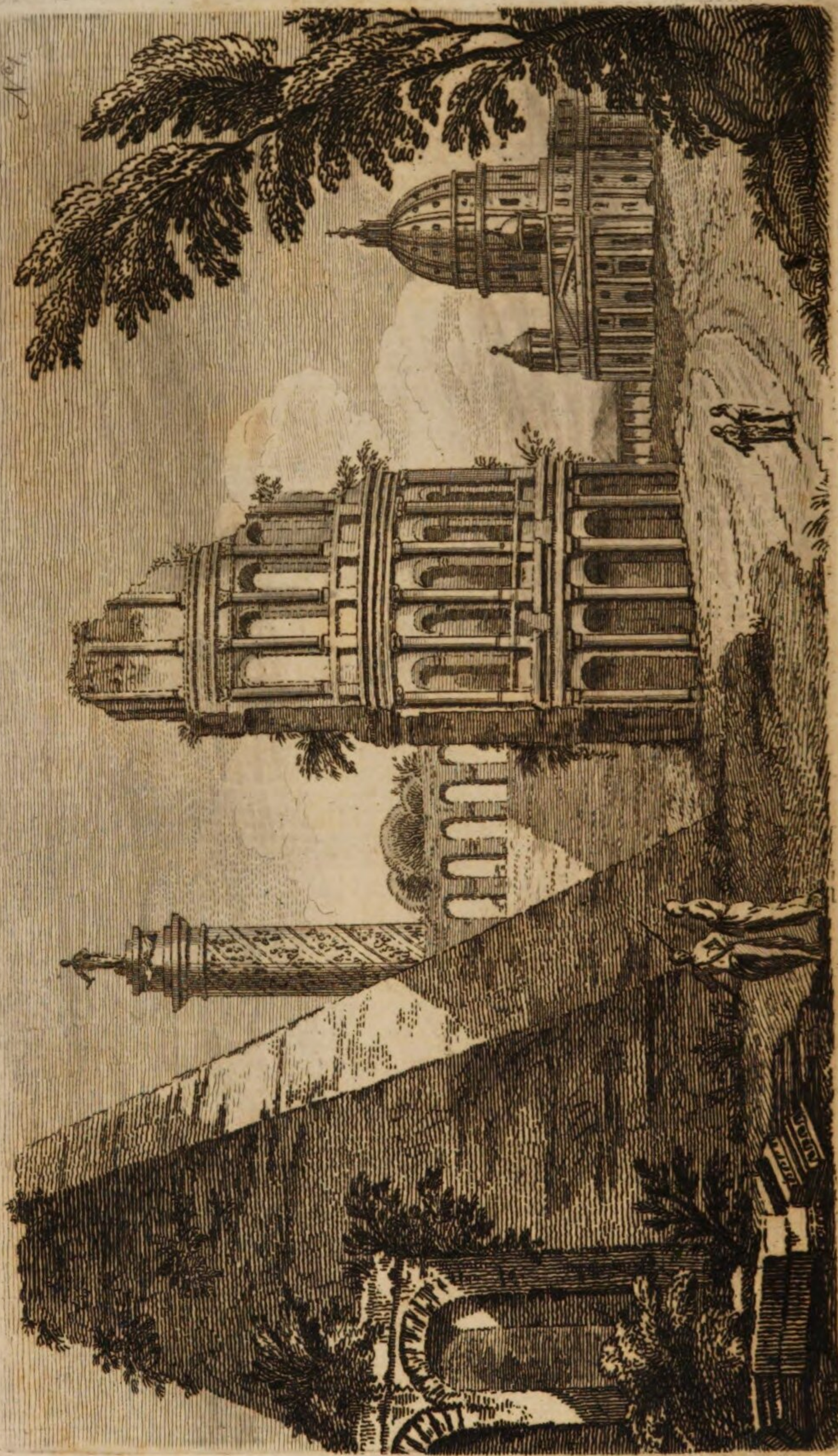
Hint, your privilege and care;

Or if you think I should thus

At all, I leave it to your choice.

ANCIENT

Nº 1.



ANCIENT AND MODERN

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A P O E M.

WRITTEN AT ROME IN THE YEAR M.DCC.LV.

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PLIN. Epist. lib. vi. ep. 21.

FIRST PRINTED IN THE YEAR M.DCC.LX.

ANCIENT AND MODERN

ANCIENT AND MODERN

A R O M E

A P O R M

IN THE YEAR 1800

THEY WERE IN THE YEAR 1800
THEY WERE IN THE YEAR 1800
THEY WERE IN THE YEAR 1800

OF THE YEAR 1800

THEY WERE IN THE YEAR 1800

THEY WERE IN THE YEAR 1800

THEY WERE IN THE YEAR 1800

THEY WERE IN THE YEAR 1800

THEY WERE IN THE YEAR 1800

ANCIENT AND MODERN
ROME;
A POEM.

O R Muse, or Dryad, whosoe'er thou wert,
Who oft in BRITAIN hast vouchsaf'd to hear
My voice invoking, as some artless lay
I caroll'd, or light song, to greet the ear
Of Friendship, hither to this distant soil
(Soil favour'd of the Nine) repair, and with
Thy smiles direct me, studious to describe
In numbers not uncouth, as o'er these scenes
Pensive I wander, what of ancient arts,
And monumental grandeur, still remains,

Midst

Midst the proud ruins of immortal ROME.—

Immortal did I say?—yes, once so deem'd,

When like a goddess on the rapid blast

High mounted, to the kings of climes remote

She sent her laws, and saw the world obey.—

But Time, capricious parent, gives to all

Their morning, and their eve; and having shewn

Mankind some prosper'd child, mark'd it for fame,

And rais'd it to its noon-tide hour, delights

To pluck its honours off, and sink it down

To teach an awful moral in the dust!

And such thy doom, these stately ruins tell;

These stately ruins, that from various shores

Attract the traveller, whose bosom burns

With strong impatience, by the classic page

Excited (faithful register of worth)

To visit thee, thou once great seat of arms,

Thou

Thou nurse of heroes ; with respectful eye,
 To gaze upon thy temples, o'er thy heaps
 Pause rev'rent, and amid this wasteful mass,
 Trace out thy former glory.—Well indeed,
 Poor mournful reliques, conscious of your shame,
 And mindful what ye were, well do ye strive
 To hide yourselves beneath the shelt'ring leaves,
 Or the kind umbrage of the neighbouring moss.

But whilst I tread the silent streets of ROME,
 Where cowl supply the helmet's blaze, where now
 Creeps o'er the shaken battlement the vine ;
 Let me a moment recollect the years
 When Fortune led her onward, and success
 Outran her hopes ; admire her dawn of life,
 Her scanty family, midst lonely sheds ;
 Simple, laborious, of her future pride
 Planning the basis : Mark each vary'd step,

Her change of government, her laws, her strength,
 Her politics, her wisdom : to the field
 Accompany her march, and see her crown'd
 With triumph, and with spoil, while the subdu'd
 With fear mix'd admiration, and rever'd
 The hand that conquer'd.—Then in ev'ry breast
 Breath'd public virtue, and each bosom felt
 The glow of liberty—Their youth, inur'd
 To exercise, and toil, (the soldier's school!)
 Were taught to scorn fatigue, condemn a life
 Of indolence and ease, and die with joy
 To serve their country!—Maxims such as these,
 Sure as the herald's trumpet, loud announc'd
 The deeds that follow'd :—prompted by this flame,
 This patriot spirit, lo! a sacred train
 Of Heroes born to such exalted acts
 As in these distant, these degen'rate times,
 Almost o'ertax belief!—Thy name, O ROME,
Re-echo'd

Re-echo'd thro' the globe, from where the RHINE*,
 And swelling DANUBE*, urge their foaming course
 Ev'n to EUPHRATES' borders: AFRIC's sons
 Proclaim it in their desarts, and the streams
 Of TAGUS roll it to th' ATLANTIC deep:
 That both at morn, and eve, the sun beheld
 Her banners wave. Nor did she give mankind
 Her chains alone; where'er her eagles flew,
 They bore the gentler arts of polish'd life,
 Attendant on her conquests!—Thus she shone,
 And the world hail'd her universal Queen!—
 O could I here break off, here close the view:
 Nor see the laurel wreaths, by valour earn'd,
 By virtue dignify'd, blasted and torn
 By foul Corruption's hand!—but 'tis with states,

* These Rivers mark nearly the utmost extent of the
 ROMAN conquest.

As men, too often grandeur's treach'rous smiles
 Warp the well-meaning heart, pollute its springs,
 And prompt the active mind to drop its task.—
 When virtue pauses she recedes!—Thus ROME,
 Cloy'd with prosperity, and of her fame
 Grown careless, in the roseate bow'r repos'd
 Of Luxury: (that false one, whose soft lap
 Hath lull'd the mightiest) drank her baneful cup,
 And to her music lent a ravish'd ear:
 As fatal, as whate'er by ancient bards
 Was told of SIRENS, or of GORGON's head,
 That ruin'd with a glance.—What tho' its force
 It urges not impetuous, slowly sure,
 Like subt'lest poison, it pervades each sense,
 Each power of action, and corrodes the frame,
 Till death atones for folly!—Nor did ROME
 Fall unremember'd, since her name alone
 Inspir'd such dread, that ev'n her pale remains

By SUPERSTITION drest, guarded by priests,
 Who blending policy with holy faith,
 Relying on the crozier, not the sword,
 Roll'd terrors thro' the world; stain'd many an age
 With guiltless blood; and still with weaken'd sway,
 (Now milder) bids these hallow'd fabrics rise,
 That yield a second subject to my song.

What tho' oblivion in her sable veil
 Hath wrap'd thy former splendor, yet ev'n now,
 Thy mould'ring fragments, ivy-crested tow'rs,
 And arches, tott'ring to their fall, remain,
 And in their antiquated liv'ry, speak
 Their better fortune.— Pillars, that amidst
 The solemn scene, by many an insult scarr'd,
 Stand up historic; rifted vaults of fanes,
 And palaces, whose wide disparted roofs
 Threaten each visitant: and frequent seen

Some shatter'd urn that hath betray'd its charge,
 To mix with vulgar dust.—Or should the charms
 Of SCULPTURE wake attention, here the eye
 Finds rapturous delight, whilst it beholds,
 The chiselled stone such mimic life assume,
 And property of being, that it seems
 As Art could rival Nature.—Every sense
 Submits t' illusion, while before us stands
 Gigantic HERCULES *, on his huge club
 Resting his weight enormous : or the limbs
 Of matchless FLORA, thro' her flowing robe,
 Press decent on the sight : so charms the step
 And graceful carriage of the DELPHIC GOD † :
 LAOCOON's anguish, and the beauteous form,

* These statues are esteemed by all as the most compleat pieces of ancient sculpture now at ROME.

† The APOLLO, which stands in that part of the VATICAN which is called the BELVIDERE.

Too

Too beauteous form, of fair ANTINOUS!
 Alike demand a sigh: nor shall unmark'd
 The GLADIATORS* pass, with manly force,
 Greatly expressive; nor the confident brow
 Of MELEAGER; nor thy pensive air,
 Dejected AGRIPPINA†.—With new joy
 The mind reflecting o'er th' enliven'd bust
 Shall pause, supremely pleas'd, as face to face,
 Amidst the bright assembly we appear
 Of chiefs and sages, whose heroic deeds
 Beyond the storms of fate superior shine
 On Fame's eternal record.—In their looks
 We seem to read their story, ev'ry trace
 Remark inquisitive, and oft' return,

* The fighting and dying GLADIATORS, universally known by their casts.

† In the VILLA FARNESE on the PALATINE hill.

As some fresh action of their life revives,
To gaze, contemplate, and admire again.

Oh ever-wond'rous art, that from the schools
Of GREECE cam'st hither to this favour'd clime,
Yet rarely hast vouchsaf'd to pass the cliffs
Of the proud APENNINE, or cheer the cold,
And genius-chilling regions of the NORTH!

The anxious voyager who fees the port
Whither he's bound, and where before his thoughts
Were long arriv'd, feels rising in his soul
A sudden transport; not unlike, perchance,
Is that sensation which the stranger's breast,
With expectation's fire already warm'd,
Expanding feels, when from some neighb'ring height
His greedy eye takes in the nodding piles
Of old magnificence, or darts its beam

O'er

O'er the wide barren* plain, where tow'rs o'erthrown
 Lie broken, and sepulchral monuments
 Skirt all the blue horizon.—Let's away
 And wander midst the dank and shadowy gloom
 Of antique Baths, or the PANTHEON's round,
 Well harmoniz'd, where dignity and grace,
 And just proportion reign. The CIRCUS too
 Invites our steps, and the TARPEIAN rock:
 How much unlike what good EVANDER shew'd
 ANCHISES' son, as thro' his little state,
 On TIBER's banks, the poor but friendly prince,
 His heav'n-born guest conducted!—mark e'en still,
 Spite of the GOTHIC spoiler, the proud tops
 Of obelisks, whose sculptur'd sides confess
 The mystic labours of EGYPTIAN hands!

* Now called the CAMPANIA of ROME: 'tis of very large extent, and from lying uncultivated, its air is very fatal to those who sleep in it during the great heats.

And

And those tall COLUMNS * that preserve your names,
 Illustrious Pair, who to th' exalted state
 Of Emp'ror, join'd these titles more august,
 The wise, the good.—But, let us bend our course
 To where the AMPHITHEATRE's old walls
 Mantled in green, with many a winding, turn
 In circuit vast; while fancy paints to view
 All ROME assembled on some festive day,
 Rank above rank, with ev'ry face, intent
 To see the death-doom'd man, and nature yield
 To force superior. The pursuit of arms
 Had check'd each softer impulse, and forbid
 To call compassion virtue; nor was known,
 As in our times, the Stage's wiser aim,
 To steal instruction through the poet's song,

* The pillars of the Emperors TRAJAN and ANTONI-
 NUS PIUS.

To

To melt the stubborn heart, and teach the eye
To shed the gen'rous tear for others' woe.

Beneath the sloping side of yonder hill,
Sacred to Jove, where stood the CAPITOL,
Th' unpeopled FORUM spreads; but yet a few
Sequester'd pillars lift their heads, and point
Some temple's site; strew'd round with mingled
heaps,

That wear the badge of hoar antiquity.
While in the front appears the story'd arch,
To TITUS rear'd, when shouting ROME proclaim'd
His SOLYMEAN conquest*: then arose

* This arch is at the entrance of the CAMPO VACINO, from the AMPHITHEATRE, and was erected by the senate in honour of TITUS, after the conquest of the JEWS.

Thy fane, O PEACE *, thou heav'n-descended queen!
 Parent of Arts ! under whose fost'ring reign
 The Muses triumph ; (shame upon the world,
 And man's corrupted heart, that thou should'st e'er
 Desert our habitations !) nor far off
 The PALATINE's steep mount, where ancient tale
 Feigns the TWIN BROTHERS found, but honour'd
 By great AUGUSTUS' dwelling : now, alas ! ^{[more}
 How is its lot revers'd ! with mournful pine,
 And melancholy cyprus thick o'er-grown !—
 Here DESOLATION, mocking the vain farce
 Of human labours, and the low conceits
 Of human pride, thron'd on a craggy pile,
 Smiles pleas'd with her own work ; amid the spoils
 Of Time's fell hand, where nought is seen to move,

* The temple of PEACE stands near to it, was erected
 on the same occasion, and is esteemed to have been one
 of the finest temples in ROME.

Save the green lizard sporting in the sun,
Sole tenant of the solitary waste.

Yet, O ye reliques, injur'd as ye are
By the sharp canker of consuming age,
Be ye my altars ; on your grafs-grown tops,
Charm'd with reflecting what ye once have been,
I'll facrifice my hours ; for you forsake
The-crouded haunts of men, where much is talk'd,
And little reason'd ; and with you, indulge
That pleasing pensiveness yourselves inspire,
That meditating mood. Nay ev'n when chill'd
Beneath a wintry sky, her soaring wings
Imagination droops, and her damp'd fires
Burn weak and pale, then present to my mind
Your well-known forms shall rise, spread o'er my
thoughts
A tranfient joy, and frequent be my theme.

And

And do I walk the FORUM?—and is this
 The memorable spot, on which have trod
 So many patriots, who in freedom's cause
 Unsheath'd the sword of justice?—yes it is;
 I know it is.—If in a BRITON's breast,
 Tho' midst the ice of the far northern sea,
 Or realms, where slav'ry drags its hopeless chain,
 Beams the bright flame of liberty, say Muse,
 What must he feel in ROME?—perhaps I dream,
 And 'tis illusion peoples the lone void
 With yonder band of heroes, on whose brows
 Sits awful majesty, and round whose heads
 Twines the victorious laurel. In the van,
 (For who can all the visionary shades
 Of fleeting fancy count?) methinks, I see
 The ELDER BRUTUS; venerable man!
 Parent, and judge; hard fate! to join two names,
 That must for ever jar; but yet behold,

To

To one great cause still constant, he disclaims
 All partial ties, proud only to be call'd
 The FATHER of his COUNTRY.—Close behind,
 In sullen grief, and in his mantle wrap'd,
 The stern VIRGINIUS passes: mark his eyes
 Rooted to earth! on whose cold bosom stretch'd
 Like some fair flow'ret the rude storm hath crop'd,
 A slaughter'd virgin lies; from insult sav'd,
 From loss of honour, by th' indulgent blow:
 Nor, unreveng'd her wounds, since in her fall
 Was tyranny destroy'd.—But what's yon troop,
 Rushing from out the CAPITOL, whose looks
 Speak terror to beholders? each array'd
 In senatorial robes, in every hand
 A dagger reeking with the crimson blood
 Of one but young in death?—Yet hold!—I know;
 For at their head, intrepidly appears
 Another BRUTUS, to th' impatient throng

Exclaiming

Exclaiming, eager as they press around,

“ That ROME is free, and CÆSAR but a name ! ”

Hail LIBERTY, daughter of Heav'n ! whose smiles
Sustain'd the wand'ring SCYTHIAN, cheer the gloom
Of LAPLAND's tedious night, and wanting which,
The circling moon ne'er sees a people blest
In all her visitations ! — found no more,
In these once favour'd seats, where shall our steps
Pursue thy flight ? — To where HELVETIA's * sons,
Midst their cloud-piercing mountains, yet maintain
Their manners uncorrupt ? or where the cliffs
Of far-view'd ALBION, thy admir'd retreat
Rise, 'midst the world of waters ? — There, O maid

* The ancient name of that country, which is now called SWITZERLAND, comprehending the thirteen cantons, and all the free states in alliance with them.

Celestial, ever reign ; her children teach
 To venerate thy name, that the fair band
 Of peaceful virtues, which adorn thy train,
 May still be theirs ; and BRITAIN'S fame expand
 From pole to pole : while with her freedom charm'd,
 Less happy nations tow'rd her sea-girt shores
 Shall sighing frequent turn their wishful eyes,
 Extol her fortune, and lament their own.

But come, my Muse, thou mistress of my song,
 Let us to TIVOLI'S romantic hill,
 In rural beauty rich, where learning's friend
 And best protector, good MÆCENAS, gave
 The recompence to merit * (happiest task
 Of those whom plenty crowns !) or to the streets

* There are still at TIVOLI great remains of the villa
 of MÆCENAS.

Of desolate PALESTRINA, throng'd no more
 With FORTUNE's votaries * : or the tranquil shades
 Of cool FRESCATI †, in whose lov'd retreat
 Once TULLY thought, and reason'd : then let's seek
 The wat'ry beauties of the ALBAN lake
 And ANTIUM's pleasing shores,—or if perchance
 A shorter circuit better should delight,
 Stealing along, upon the winding banks
 Of yellow TIBER (in whose oozy bed
 The spoils of many a day, of many an Art,
 Lie sepulcher'd :) we'll mount thy sweet ascent,

* PALESTRINA is about twenty miles from ROME, and was anciently called PRÆNESTE ; it was famous for its magnificent temple, dedicated to FORTUNE, of which there are considerable ruins.

† FRESCATI is the ancient TUSCULUM, and is distant from ROME twelve miles : they still show some remains of CICERO's house ; and it is supposed it was here that he composed his *Tusculan Disputations*.

MADAMA,

MADAMA* ; and beneath th' embow'ring trees,
 Or in thy past'ral theatre, where first
 The FAITHFUL SHEPHERD † to the echoing woods
 Sigh'd out his am'rous tale, securely shun
 The raging heat, or wait the evening sky,
 Ting'd with unnumber'd rays; and from thy height,
 Reposing on some bank, by Nature's hand
 Richly adorn'd, contemplate all below.—
 There let us ruminate on old renown,

* The VILLA MADAMA is just without ROME, on the banks of the TIBER, upon a beautiful eminence called MONTE MARIO TRASTEVERE. It was built by JULIO DE MEDICIS, who was afterwards CLEMENT the VII. and commands a most extensive view over ROME, and the whole CAMPANIA.

† There are in this garden the remains of a rural theatre, in which the PASTOR FIDO was represented, for the first time, before Cardinal BORGHESE, afterwards PAUL the V.

And the long story'd page of ages past,
 Reflection hath its joy, a pensive calm
 That shrouds the soul, and bears it on the wings
 Of vagrant thought to Mem'ry's wide domain!—
 Now, now indulge it, while we sit and mark
 The mad career of Fortune, and behold
 Imperial ROME 'midst all her triumphs fall'n!—
 So closes ev'ry scene; and thus decay
 The works of men: allow'd a little space
 To shine, attract,—then fade and be forgot!
 For ah! the paths that lead to pow'r and fame,
 And those which feel the peasant's silent step,
 End in one point: observe Ambition's flight,
 And laugh at all the wild fantastic dreams
 Of human folly.—Seeking thy embrace,
 O VIRTUE, let us court thee as our good;
 Our only treasure, and our only hope;
 Our shield to guard us 'gainst a faithless world,

And

And all its venom'd shafts : for thou unhurt,
 Sprung from immortal TRUTH, serenely bright,
 Sustain'st the gen'ral wreck ; and like the Sun
 Shalt still appear with undiminish'd light,
 When all the boasted monuments of pride
 Shall sink, and mingle with the dust they hid !

Weep'st thou, my Muse, this changeful state of
 things ?

Nay sure they ask a sigh !—yet rather mourn,
 That man unthriftilly rejects the gifts
 Which nature made him heir to. Heav'n points out
 A flow'ry way to all, nor bids its sons
 Tread the hard flint, or shun the joys of life.—
 Then wherefore, 'midst yon venerable piles
 Of pompous ruin, splendid fabrics rise,
 And swelling domes ?—Why do I hear the voice
 Of SUPERSTITION, bid her altars blaze ?

And see her beckon to the cloyster'd cell
 The blooming maid ?—Alike the pride of youth,
 The blush of beauty yield ; their blossoms crop'd
 Ere we can say they flourish'd !—hark ! the gates
 Grate on their hinges to receive their guests,
 And hide them from mankind ! like gems conceal'd
 In the dark womb of earth, whose radiance ne'er
 Shall woo th' admiring eye !—Still as their hours,
 Their useless hours, creep on, to waste their strength
 In painful penance, at the tinfell'd shrine
 Count o'er their beads, and by the midnight lamp
 Mutter cold pray'rs, sent from the practis'd lips
 More frequent than the heart which rapture fires—
 O blind, to think their safety lies in flight !
 Or that the steady foot of Virtue fears
 To tread the haunts of men ! there most she shines,
 And conquers by example, stronger far
 Than preaching volumes, or recording brass.

Arm'd

Arm'd of herself she braves each hostile dart,
And only asks protection from the skies.

Haste from thy cell, O Memory, and hide
With blackest shades the day when first were rear'd
Th' unsocial Convent's walls. Shock'd at the act,
Man's guardian-angel fled, and left those breasts
Which friendship might have warm'd, and great
pursuits

Guided thro' honour to the public good,
A prey to folly, and that partial love,
Which centers in itself.—Then broke the chain
That best cements in bonds of amity
Earth's num'rous family; then sunk the names,
For ever sacred, and for ever dear,
Of parent,—child,—posterity: those ties,
Which to our joys add joy; and pluck the thorns
From half the ills that cross the ways of life!

Still I recall the day, fresh on her cheek
 The purple bloom of youth, when LAURA bade
 The world adieu*, resign'd its flatt'ring pomps,
 And took the holy veil. I view her still
 Beside the altar, like a victim deck'd
 Magnificent; fair as the pearly dew
 Which on the rose-bud lies, or hangs within
 The lilly's cup, what time HYPERION mounts
 The eastern hills. Before the mitred priest
 She kneels submissive; on the sacred floor
 Casting those eyes, whose fires were fure design'd
 To light the torch of VENUS, and provoke
 To am'rous parley; other office now
 Destin'd to serve!—Who can unmov'd behold
 Such sacrifice!—Yet 'tis her choice, and lo!
 She sings consenting!—lo, the prelate cuts

* In the following lines is described the ceremony of giving the first veil, on the admission of a nun.

Her graceful hair! and strips it of the gems
 That sparkled 'midst her tresses; then conducts
 The willing fair-one to the convent's gate,
 Where she, in one last, one eternal kiss,
 Dissolves all social bonds. The Abbess there
 Receives her, and invests her beauteous limbs
 (Unfriendly change!) in coarse monastic weeds,
 Whilst all the virgin choir in hymns announce,
 "Thee, LAURA, thee, become the Spouse of
 "CHRIST."

Self banish'd, self condemn'd, now to thy cell,
 Too rigid maid, retire, and deck it round
 With bones, and skulls, torn from the ravag'd grave,
 To point a gloomy moral. Peace be thine,
 And calm content! nor ever may thine eyes,
 Like wand'ring exiles, cast a longing look
 Back to their native, their abandon'd home!

Ne'er

Ne'er may wild Fancy paint in loveliest forms
 Those joys thy zeal renounces, nor excite
 The fruitless tear for liberty resign'd!

Yet hence, the arts, in ev'ry age, have found
 A sure protectress; by RELIGION call'd
 To raise her temples, decorate their walls,
 And with unweary'd toil her fainted shrines
 Illumine.—Hence, the pencil'd canvas glows
 With living forms, whose visionary charms
 Hold converse with the eye: the altar hence
 Declares the sculptor's skill, as from the hard
 And rugged rock, his wonder-working hand
 Brings forth the imag'd martyr. Hence behold,
 In one vast * Pile conjoin'd, proportion, grace,
 Strength, elegance, and grandeur; union, form'd
 To challenge admiration, and insure

* ST. PETER'S.

Praise

Praise universal ; coming nearest that,
 Which man must deem perfection.—Music too,
 From voice melodious, and the vary'd string,
 Sends forth the soul of harmony, like spells
 Spreading enchantment round, 'till vaulted choirs
 Ring with th' ETERNAL's praise, and men attempt
 What happier Seraphs hymn.—Thrice blest the age
 Which virtuous arts adorn ! by them the heart
 Grows more refin'd, by them the breast is warm'd
 To nobler deeds, the laws of civil life
 More taught, more study'd : brutal valour turns
 To reason'd courage, and the mind awakes
 To scenes unknown before ; as the calm lake
 Shews its embosom'd landscape, which lay hid,
 While the rough tempest swept it.—Wherefore else
 Stand EUROPE's sons the foremost in renown ?
 Or why doth INDIA, midst her splendid mines,
 Shine undesir'd ?—such were the happy times,

When

When PLATO trod the ACADEMIC grove,
 And spoke of wisdom : such, when ROME beheld
 AUGUSTUS thron'd ; such too, in later years,
 When LEO rul'd, and the thrice gen'rous hand
 Of MEDICIS, his hospitable gates
 Wide open'd, courting all, whom genius, worth,
 Or learning dignify'd, to come, and rear
 A TUSCAN ATHENS.—Hail, illustrious Name !
 Thee shall the Muses sing in every clime
 Where science prospers ; Thee, whose friendly arm
 Rais'd the neglected mourner, bade her smiles
 Spread their mild influence o'er a polish'd state,
 'Till thine own ARNO flow'd a rival stream
 With fam'd ILISSUS.—Casting off the veil
 That had so long disgrac'd her, SCULPTURE then,
 Lur'd by the voice of her lov'd ANGELO *,

* MICHAEL ANGELO BUONAROTI, a FLORENTINE,
 one of the most celebrated artists in sculpture and paint-
 ing, but particularly in the former.

Rose

Rose from her GOTHIC trance, proud to assume
 Once more her ATTIC dress : and with her came
 Her fair companion PAINTING ; to the world
 First shewn by CIMABUE *, an infant then,
 Rude, and unform'd ; but by the skilful care
 Of GIOTTO nurs'd, her beauty and her years
 Advanc'd together, till she shone complete
 In ev'ry virgin charm ; sweet as the nymphs,
 Who, when AURORA opes the gates of day,
 Sport at her side, and to the jocund notes
 Of lute and harp, around the Morning Star
 Dance festive—Ever sacred be the soil
 That gave her birth ! Happiest ITALIA, thine
 Hath Heaven mark'd fortunate ; by nature deck'd

* Painting was first revived at FLORENCE, by CIMABUE, towards the end of the thirteenth century. He was soon after followed by GIOTTO ; and there are remains of both their works in the churches at FLORENCE.

E'en

E'en to profusion. Here the Artist oft,
 Or solitary Bard, deep-musing roams,
 Eyes thy gay scenes, inhales the Southern breeze,
 And catches inspiration.—Dwelling meet
 For Fancy!—Here, the pleasing maid display'd
 Her varying talents, fix'd her schools, and taught
 Her mysteries; selecting from the band
 That woo'd her favour, an appointed Few,
 The heralds of her art, to raise at once
 Hers, and their own renown.—“My sons,” she cry'd,
 “(For dear as sons ye are) take from my hand
 “These pencils, by myself prepar'd; whose pow'rs
 “Shall win ye admiration, lasting praise.
 “For to FAME's temple there are many paths,
 “Nor for the hero, nor the sage alone
 “Wreathes she her laurels; all by honest means
 “Who seek them, wear them.—Thou, my

“RAPHAEL, go

“Prosp'rous,

“ Prosp’rous, and on the VATICAN’s proud walls
 “ Fix an eternal name ; an air divine,
 “ Sublimity of thought, and touch correct,
 “ Shall mark thy labours ; ’till in ONE combin’d
 “ Thine ev’ry pow’r shall shine, and Nature’s self
 “ Grow jealous of thy skill*. CORREGGIO, thou,
 “ By thine own genius great, shalt point new ways,
 “ Happy in all †.—Thy portion, TITIAN, take
 “ In harmony of colour. PAOLO, ‡ thine

* The picture alluded to is the TRANSFIGURATION, now in the church of St. PIETRO MONTORIO, at ROME, esteemed the finest picture in the world. RAPHAEL died just as he had finished it, and it was carried before his body to the grave.

† It is true, that some of these great masters, after mentioned, possessed several of those talents, which are differently attributed ; what therefore is aimed at, in this mention of them, is only to point out that excellency, by which each was more particularly characterized.

‡ PAOLO CALIARI, more commonly called PAOLO VERONESE.

“ In grace and spirit.—Yours, be judgment deep,
 “ CARACCI, and invention rare ; from whom
 “ The art shall gain new lustre, and a line
 “ Of learn’d disciples spring *.—Expression bold,
 “ And beauty of design, shall bless thy works,
 “ DOMENICHINO ; elegance and ease,
 “ My GUIDO, thine adorn. For grandeur, taste,
 “ And composition rich, CORTONA, † live
 “ Unrival’d ; while in force, and shadow strong,
 “ And every passion of the feeling heart,
 “ None shall excel thee, GUERCIN, last, not least.”

She said, and each the magic pencil took,
 And wrought with ardour ; (truth confirming all

* The three CARACCI founded an academy of painting
 at BOLOGNA, where many great masters have studied.

† PIETRO BERETTINI, usually stiled PIETRO DA
 CORTONA.

The

The maid had prophecy'd) and dying, left
 Their monuments behind, in princely halls
 Erected, or at altars plac'd ; where kneels
 The penitent, and as he gazes, feels
 Devotion rise anew.—O could my Verse
 But share the rapture ! and embolden'd, paint
 In colours meet, these Boasts of modern ROME,
 These triumphs of the Palette, and extend
 Their praises due !—Yet what avails the wish ?
 That which was form'd to captivate the eye,
 The ear must coldly taste ; Description's weak,
 And the Muse falters in the vain attempt.

And thou, O TIME, whose all-destroying scythe,
 Busy, and fatal, as the shaft of death,
 No human toil escapes ; whose deafen'd ear
 No pray'r can sooth ; but from this transient scene,
 To the dark realms of silence, and of night

Condemn'st the fons of men, and with them, all
 Their little pow'rs created ; thy resolves
 Tho' nought can shake, yet oh, awhile suspend
 The purpos'd blow, and with thy wings protect
 These precious reliques of a science lost !
 That their felt energy may still inspire
 A noble emulation, may awake
 Each latent spark of genius in the breast,
 Till with the circling years new RAPHAELS rise,
 To swell the canvas with enliven'd force,
 And fix their great idea on the soul.

ON THE
DEATH OF A LINNET.

WRITTEN IN M.DCC.LI.

BENEATH this fragrant woodbine's shade
A little SONGSTER's bones are laid ;
Who, ever innocent and gay,
Felt all his hours glide smooth away ;
No guilty passion tore his breast,
No dream of Greatness broke his rest ;
He with a cheerful, patient mind
Play'd well that part the Gods assign'd :
Nor matters it, when this be done,
How soon the thread of life is spun !

Ye warbling Tenants of the grove,
 Approach this spot, and mark your love ;
 Light hov'ring round on airy wing
 Soft notes of plaintive friendship sing.

So may no prying eye pervade
 The hedge-rows where your young are laid,
 Nor cruel hand of wanton boy
 Your dwellings plunder, or destroy :
 Far may you bend your flight from where
 The artful Fowler spreads his snare,
 And live from ev'ry danger free,
 Enjoying still sweet Liberty !

A PASTORAL

A
PASTORAL ODE
TO
ECHO.

WRITTEN IN M.DCC.LII.

SPORTIVE Genius of the Green,
Frequent heard, yet never seen,

Tripping o'er with printless speed,

Fairy-like, each flow'ry mead,

Ranging ev'ry hill along,

Stealing ev'ry Plowman's song ;

Whether waving in the wood,

Whether skimming o'er the flood,

Panting on the Southern gale,
 Or repofing in the vale,
 Pofting on a ZEPHYR's wing
 Hither come ; and with thee bring
 Gentle Hope, to folace one
 By a cruel Nymph undone :
 Hear me, where beneath the fhade,
 Penfive mourner, I am laid,
 Deaf to Mufic's native note,
 Pour'd from many a warbler's throat ;
 Blind to all which pleas'd before ;
 Smiling landfcapcs charm no more.

Waft my fighs to yonder plains
 Where the haughty Fair-one reigns,
 Who with Beauty's fubtle art
 Chains, and triumphs o'er my heart ;

Let their murmur reach her ears,

Tell her all my Hopes, and Fears,

She alone lost peace can give,

Tell her, 'tis for her I live ;

Tell her, to my passion true,

Tho' repuls'd, I still pursue,

That her Graces I adore,

Tell her also—but, no more—

Love admits of no delay,

Little Mimic haste away.

A B S E N C E ;

A P A S T O R A L E L E G Y .

W R I T T E N I N M . D C C . L I I .

A N D must I ever vent my Sighs in air ?
Tho' with a true, yet fruitless Passion burn ?
In sorrow still lament my A B S E N T F A I R ?
And will her truant steps no more return ?

Ah me ! I fear she will disown the Plain,
Our humble Village, and our peaceful Green ;
Else in the noisy town she'd ne'er remain
When Spring invites her to the Sylvan scene.

She,

She, who was first to pluck the early rose,
 And twine a garland for the May-pole's head ;
 She, whom our festive Virgins ever chose
 Their Rural Leader, is unkindly fled !

Why tarries thus my FAIR ? when Nature sheds
 Her gay profusion o'er the rising year ?
 When for my flocks the mead its treasure spreads ?
 And woods and lawns in vernal pride appear ?

Perhaps some polish'd Lover courts thy smile,
 And pours his flatt'ring accents in thine ear ;
 Or does some wealthy Lord thine heart beguile,
 And keep thee absent from thy shepherd here ?—

O ! let not Wealth, or Flatt'ry warp thy mind,
 Their blandishments will soon deceitful prove,
 And thou their victim then too late may'st find
 That artless Truth alone is friend to Love !

LOVE

Love lights his torch at VIRTUE's sacred fires,

He comes in sweet Simplicity array'd !

Far from the pomp of life by choice retires,

And seeks the covert of its tranquil shade !

No lands have I, no honours to display,

Alike to Fortune, as to Fame, unknown ;

I only boast a heart that mourns thy Stay,

A faithful heart, that beats for thee alone.

The bloom of May, like thee, that's ever fair,

The brook clear-bubbling, and the cooling breeze,

E'en the mirth-moving bag-pipe, foe to care,

When thou art from me, lose their pow'r to please.

Ah ! what avails to tread the flow'ry field,

Or view the landscape from the clifted Steep !

No objects now their wonted pleasure yield,

But seem like me to languish, and to weep.

While

While my companions mingle in the Dance,
 And each is jocund with his constant maid,
 I muse on Thee, bewail my own mischance,
 And fullen, set me down beneath the shade.—

Return once more, sweet Nymph, and joy excite,
 Bright as thyself shall Nature then seem drest ;
 Bring back thy blushing Graces to my sight,
 Reward my Truth, and make thy Shepherd blest.

WESTMINSTER ABBEY.

WRITTEN IN M.DCC.LII.

I.

ALL hail! thou venerable Pile,
Within whose caverns deep
The boasted Worthies of this Isle
In Death's embraces sleep!

II.

Loft in those thoughts thy gloom inspires,
With pensive step I tread ;
Extinguish'd feel youth's warm desires,
And muse upon the dead.

III. The

III.

The tutor'd Mind here justly learns
 How human hopes to prize,
 As round these trophy'd walls she turns
 Her meditating eyes.

IV.

The sculptur'd Urn, the mimic Bust,
 The Grave in pomp array'd,
 Serve but to teach us, Man is dust!
 His life a fleeting shade!

V.

More than the morning Vapour vain,
 Which melts away in air!
 Unless to Wisdom he attain,
 And Virtue be his care.

VI. Doom'd

VI.

Doom'd is his Race in all degrees,
 One final lot to know ;
 Tho' some are warn'd by slow disease,
 Some summon'd at a blow !—

VII.

In these dark chambers of the Dead,
 Life's idle pageant o'er,
 Unnotic'd now rests many a head
 That once the Diadem wore.

VIII.

Heroes, who Conquest's falchion drew,
 To Death, sole Victor, yield ;
 Some who perhaps once POICTIERS knew,
 Or CRESSY's blood-stain'd field !

IX. Tho'

IX.

Tho' Regal Glory mark'd their ways,
 Tho' Fortune swell'd their pow'r,
 'Twas but a transitory blaze !
 The triumph of an hour !

X.

See Rivals stretch'd out side by side,
 Whose Rage once shook the land !
 The tongue of Arrogance how ty'd !
 How impotent the hand !

XI.

Here let Ambition read its fate,
 And check its tow'ring mind ;
 And those whom wealth, or pride elate,
 Here a just lesson find.

XII. Extinguish'd

XII.

Extinguish'd now is Wit's bright fire !

Lost its enliv'ning themes !

Mute and unstrung the Poet's lyre !

Clos'd, Fancy's rapt'rous dreams !

XIII.

All silent, Truth's persuasive voice

To holy Prelates given !

Who shew'd the World its wiser choice,

And taught the way to Heaven !

XIV.

Nor e'en can Beauty's subtle charms

The claim of Death evade ;

Or steal from his rapacious arms

The Love-devoted Maid !

XV. See

XV.

See this declar'd on yon rich shrines
 That virgin ashes keep,
 Round which the sculptur'd garland twines,
 And marble Cupids weep.—

XVI.

Yet let us not with such dismay
 This dreaded Victor view ;
 For if he tears our joys away,
 He takes our sorrows too.

XVII.

To those whom torturing pain oppress
 The shelt'ring Grave gives peace ;
 There the worn traveller finds rest !
 The world's hard conflicts cease !

XVIII.

There all the wrongs of Fate severe,
 In cold oblivion lie !
 Grief wounds no more !—for ev'ry tear
 Is wip'd from ev'ry eye !—

XIX.

Stop, Stranger, whosoe'er thou art,
 And to thyself be just ;
 These mould'ring Tombs address thine heart :
 Catch Wisdom from the Dust.

XX.

RELIGION only forms man's soul
 Calmly to view his end ;
 Can his vain passions best controul,
 In Life, in Death, a Friend.

XXI. A day

XXI.

A Day will come in Time's long reign

(Such hope hath Heav'n reveal'd,)

When Graves shall render up again

Those whom they once conceal'd.

XXII.

Then shall Creation's MIGHTY LORD

Bid ev'ry slumb'rer rise ;

And Angels' tongues this Truth record

THE VIRTUOUS WERE THE WISE !

ON THE MARRIAGE

O F

TWO FRIENDS.

WRITTEN IN M.DCC.LIII.

I.

THE Priest the holy knot hath ty'd ;

Returning from the Altar's side

View yonder festive Train :

Their looks the smiles of Gladness show.—

Far from their steps be Care and Woe,

Nor this bright morning stain !

II. Thrice

II.

Thrice happy they, whose faithful hands
Are knit in Hymenæal bands,

Whom strong affection fires !
Pair'd by free choice, who nobly fight
That Demon Int'rest, at whose sight
Love's sacred torch expires !—

III.

Hail ! Marriage, from whose genial source
In purest stream flows Friendship's Course

To cheer the human heart !
Thou best canst bid each Virtue live,
A keener sense to Pleasure give,
And blunt Misfortune's dart !

IV.

Let gay **LOTHARIO** ever seek
 False transport on the Wanton's cheek,
 And wedded Faith upbraid :
 But by his restless passions torn
 Still shall he roam about forlorn,
 A poor, unfocial shade.

V.

Ne'er shall his narrow bosom prove
 The varied charms of lawful Love,
 By Time, by Worth refin'd :
 The mutual wish, the mutual joy,
 And those delights which ne'er can cloy,
 The raptures of the mind !

VI. When

VI.

When man in PARADISE remain'd,
 And o'er that new Creation reign'd
 Which might endear his life,
 He view'd it as a gaudy waste,
 A world of sweets he could not taste
 Till Heav'n had made a WIFE.

VII.

Then, EDEN breath'd a softer gale,
 The landscap'd hill, the flow'ry vale,
 With wonder caught his eye;
 Whilst his fair EVE beside him stood,
 How great! how glorious! and how good!
 Was all beneath the sky. —

VIII.

Come, smiling CONCORD, to thy care
 Jocund receive this wedded Pair,
 And lead them to thy bow'r;
 Where TRUTH's bright wreath shall bind their head;
 CONTENT their path with roses spread,
 And LOVE his blessings show'r,—

IX.

So pass their years!—and grey in age
 Still may the world their hopes engage,
 And they new Youth attain,
 Whilst circled by a virtuous Race,
 The records of themselves they trace,
 And tread back Life again!

T O A L A D Y;
FROM HER DEAD BULLFINCH.

WRITTEN IN M.DCC.LIII.

W H Y does my Mistress mourn my fate ?

Or murmur at my alter'd state ?

Escap'd from that diurnal care

Which Birds, like other mortals, share ;

No more a slave to Hope and Sorrow,

The poor Dependent on to-morrow! —

When I look back on life, I view

Nothing to raise regret, but You.

A little trifling part I play'd,

From infancy a captive made ;

Your

Your love alone could solace me,
 And balance loss of Liberty!—
 The grateful tribute from your eye,
 The fond remembrance, pitying sigh!
 Since such a lot to me is given,
 I envy not the *Bird of Heav'n*.

But, gentle Maid, tho' life seems fled,
 I'm only in appearance dead;
 In GREECE a Sage did once maintain
 That *bodies* die, but *souls* remain,
 And without any creature seeing,
 Slip into some new kind of being,
 Compell'd to gain a safe retreat
 In the first *lifeless Form* they meet.

Thus I, pursuant to his plan,
 Tho' late a *Bird*, am now a *Man*;

Snug

Snug in the body of a *Beau*,
 I flutter round where'er you go ;
 For ever ready at your Call
 To deal the cards, or join the ball,
 A light, fantastic, merry thing,
 As usual, always on the wing,
 I'll cherup at all public places,
 Toast you as fairer than the GRACES,
 And dangle, flirt, protest, and sue,
 As other pretty fellows do,

And haply if on me should shine
 Those smiles which once were wholly mine,
 Would you carefs me, now prefer'd,
 As you carefs'd me when a *Bird*,
 Grant, Heav'n ! I may a *Man* remain,
 And never change my Form again !

A N O D E
WRITTEN AT BAIÆ
IN THE SPRING OF M.DCC.LV.

I.

AS penfive on thy silent shore,
 Thy mould'ring Temples I explore,
 And breathe an air ferene;
 Whilst I on all thy beauties gaze,
 O BAIÆ! in unstudy'd Lays
 I'll trace thy joyous scene.
 'Tis not the rapture of poetic fire,
 But that harmonious ease which thy soft gales inspire!

II. Where'er

II.

Where'er our wand'ring steps are born,

Gay Plenty pours her lavish horn,

Blessing thy fertile ground ;

And PHOEBUS with his golden rays

Upon the trembling water plays,

Glitt'ring on all around :

Whilst the rich Orange, and the Myrtle join'd

With many a fragrant plant, perfume the wanton
[wind.

III.

Lo ! on thy Bay's enchanting side

PARTHENOPE * in stately pride

Rears her majestic head !

Still more to aggrandize the View,

Behold where dire VESUVIUS too,

Thy Safety, and thy Dread,

With far-heard echos makes the mountains nod,

Flames with eternal Fires, and thunders like a God!—

* The ancient name of NAPLES.

IV. With

IV.

With pallid Looks, and languid Eyes,
Chill'd by the blasts of northern skies,

The Stranger seeks thy coast ;
Soon with a blush his visage burns,
The cheerful smile of Health returns,
Such charms thy breezes boast !

Jocund he springs, the happy clime adores,
Bears back his strength renew'd, and blesses BAIAE's
[shores.

V.

When ROME's dread banners were unfurl'd
And flutter'd o'er a subject world,

Dominion's pride to swell,
This spot, its Chiefs with raptur'd eyes
Beheld, here bade their Villas rise,

At BAIAE fond to dwell.—

And, wretched matron ! AGRIPPINA, here
Oft' sigh'd a NERO's Crimes !—Oft dropt a Mo-
[ther's Tear !

VI.

Nor to the Great, the Fam'd alone

Was this delicious region known,

The Muses fought its shade ;

Here sweetest VIRGIL rang'd along

Maturely plann'd his artful song,

And all his skill display'd :

Bade the CUMEAN Grot to ages last,

And o'er AVERNUS' Lake a darker horror cast.

VII.

What verse, chaste Bard ! like thine could show

The wandring TROJAN's vary'd woe ?

Describe his tortur'd mind ?

Or that keen anguish which oppress'd

Th' enamour'd Dido's royal breast,

Her Hero too unkind :

With his hard toils LAVINIA to obtain,

And poor EVANDER's grief for his dear PALLAS

[slain !—

VIII. Come

VIII.

Come, bright-ey'd FANCY! hand-in-hand
Let's range o'er this poetic land,

And wind our pensive way,
Pause, and contemplate as we pass
Each time-worn Fabric's ruin'd mass,

Still beauteous in decay :
Now that the vernal hours so much invite,
And all th' enraptur'd soul awakes to new delight !

IX.

Each tuneful Bird his tribute pays,
Each Flow'r its glowing hues displays,

Free'd from a wintry Tomb;
Myriads of new-born Insects run
To hail th' invigorating Sun,

Gay in their transient bloom. —

What joy, INSTRUCTIVE NYMPH, with thee to rove,
And mark Creation's works in one strict order
[move! —

X. This

X.

'This constant Change which Nature feels,
Man's pictur'd history reveals,

Methinks I hear Thee say,
Doom'd like the Lilly high to spread
A little while his graceful head,

The blossom of a day !

Then drooping sad, conclude his fleeting reign,
And sinking, shed his leaves, to bud and bloom again

XI.

Life's cheerful Spring and Summer past,
Our sober Autumn comes at last,

And warns us to the earth ;

PHILOSOPHY becalms our breast,

In peace RELIGION bids us rest,

And wait a *second Birth*,

When to a SPRING ETERNAL we shall rise,

And bursting from the Grave, shoot upward to the
[Skies.



HELVETIA D:

A FRAGMENT

WAS TAKEN AT GENEVA

IN THE YEAR 1817.



THE
HELVETIAD:

A FRAGMENT.

WRITTEN AT GENEVA

IN THE YEAR M.DCC.LVI.

P R E F A C E

T O T H E

H E L V E T I A N S

THE famous Revolution which happened the beginning of the fourteenth century in Switzerland, and which produced the present free government that prevails through its numerous States, was first planned by three private men, viz. Werner of Staufach, Walter Furst, and Arnold de Melchtal, natives of the Cantons of Switz, Uri, and Unterwald, which lie round the lake of Lucerne.

During

G 3

P R E F A C E
T O T H E
H E L V E T I A D.

THE famous Revolution which happened the beginning of the fourteenth century in SWITZERLAND, and which produced the present free government that prevails through its numerous States, was first planned by three private men, viz. WERNER DE STAUFFACH, WALTER FURST, and ARNOLD DE MELCHTAL,—natives of the Cantons of SWITZ, — URI, — and UNDERWALD, which lie round the lake of LUCERN.

During a long stay, I many years since, made at GENEVA, I visited most of the principal places in SWITZERLAND.—The many sublime scenes with which Nature hath enriched this romantic Country—the tranquility and content with which every Individual enjoys his property—and above all, that independency of mind, which is ever the result of Liberty, animated me with such veneration for the FIRST AUTHORS of that Freedom—whose figures are recorded to posterity, either by Sculpture, or Painting, in the public parts of the towns through those little States—that my enthusiasm betrayed me into a design of writing a poem on this singular Revolution; the argument of which I had

divided

divided into *Ten Cantos*, beginning the work with the oppressions of the house of AUSTRIA, and closing it with the battle of MONGARTEN; by which those injured people finally renounced its usurpation, and formed among themselves those various *confederacies*, that ended in the great Union and Alliance of the present THIRTEEN CANTONS.

When I had settled the whole plan of this work, I occasionally, as I found a disposition in myself, took up any part of the poem, which at the moment most invited my thoughts.—And enjoying at this time such an intercourse with *Monsieur DE VOLTAIRE*, as afforded me a constant access to him, I acquainted him with my intention; shewing him the ar-

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gument I had drawn out for the conduct of the whole Design.—He kept it a few days ; and in returning it, told me, that he thought the great object of the piece, the Episodes, connected with the History, together with the scenery of the country, presented subject matter whereon to form a fine poem, “ but the time,” added he, “ which such an undertaking “ will require, I would rather counsel “ you to employ on subjects, that might “ more engage the public attention—— “ for should you devote yourself to the “ completion of your present design, the “ Swiss would be much obliged to you, “ without being able to read you, and “ the rest of the world care very little “ about the matter.”

I fully

I fully felt the force and justness of his remark ; and having only finished *one Canto*,—which was intended to have been the *Third*, and which was to contain the first *appointed interview* of the *three Heroes* of the piece, in a little hut by the side of the lake of LUCERN, (now distinguished by a chapel being erected on the spot)—I very soon laid the whole aside. And a year or two afterwards, when I maturely considered this business, the remark of my friend still more forcibly impressed itself—I was alarmed at the temerity of an undertaking, which now presented itself to be of that sort of composition, to the able execution of which so few have been equal—I now reviewed it as the effect of the ardour of youth,

which

which my cooler reflexions atoned for, by totally abandoning the design, and destroying all traces of it, excepting *this Canto*.

I had purposed to have made DE STAUFFACH my principal character, influencing by his more enlarged knowledge and abilities, the passions of his *two Colleagues*; who were (as was the fate of most in those ages) but little informed by books, yet endued with strong natural sense, and quick feelings.

What might be supposed to have passed in such an interview, between men jealous of their natural rights, and possessing fortitude to support them against the oppression of arbitrary power, forms the subject of the following poem; which

being of itself a *distinct and independent scene*, I could not but feel a wish to allow it a place among my other Poems.

I have only to add, that in the *general plan*, after the total rout of LEOPOLD, Duke of AUSTRIA, at MONGARTEN, as the leaders of the little victorious army were returning home, I had purposed that they should have been met on their way by a venerable *Hermit* of the mountains, who, after congratulating their unexpected triumph, should prophetically announce to them the Blessings which would be derived from the Event of so glorious a day;—the permanent Liberty that would in consequence of it be established in their country;—and the future *Confederacies* they should form.

To render the Poem now submitted to
 the Reader more perfect, I judged it necessary, near the close of it, by an apostrophe to the actors in this scene, to let the *Muse* take up the *Hermit's* prediction, which would otherwise have been introduced in the manner above described.

It may not be improper to add, that the *three Figures* on the shield which LIBERTY supports, in the Frontispiece to this Poem, are copied from a medalion struck in honor of the Heroes who are the subject of it.

T H E

T H E
H E L V E T I A D.
A F R A G M E N T.

NOW shine auspicious on my arduous task;
 Ye SISTERS of the Lyre; who on the top
 Of fair PARNASSUS blooming garlands wreath,
 To bind the temples of those happy few
 Ye deign to call your own!—'Tis not enough
 That I invok'd you, when my daring pen
 First trac'd *this Theme*, of FREEDOM; still vouchsafe
 To guide it onward;—for I call you not,
 Celestial MAIDS, to hang an amorous Lay
 On Beauty's shrine, or aid some trivial song;
 'Tis your own cause—'Tis yours to rend the veil

T H E

of

Of dark Oblivion, and bring forth to Day
 Virtue's firm votaries! — To fix on high,
 Beyond TIME's envious reach, the Hero's name,
 On FAME's immortal scroll; that it may thence
 Shine to succeeding Ages, and inspire
 Mankind to imitate what you record! —

'Twas now that hour of silence and repose,
 The Dead of Night, when Darknefs, like the Grave,
 Hides all distinction — when the Fairy Tribe,
 As ancient story goes, beneath the bush
 Of rose, or woodbine, hold nocturnal sports;
 And Witches crouching under blasted trees,
 Mutter their mischiefs — restless, and forlorn,
 Alien alike to Virtue, as to Peace,
 In some sequester'd corner pines the Wretch
 Whom conscious Guilt torments — now all the pomp
 Which pours its idle flatt'ries round the Great,

And

And dazzles and deludes the vulgar eye,
 Remains unnotic'd; and awaits the morn
 To ask again its homage——Calmly sunk
 In slumbers such as Temperance insures,
 On his low pallet stretch'd, the Lab'rour lies,
 Pillow'd by soft Content; nor sighs to know
 The dreams of Princes, near whose stately beds
 Pale CARE his melancholy vigil keeps.—

The village clocks around the LAKE struck *Twelve*,
 And cross LUCERNO's waters with shrill note
 'Twang'd on the silent air; speaking the hour,
 'Th' important hour's approach, destin'd to fix
 The *future fortune* of this injur'd Land;
 But speaking it unto those ears alone
 That conscious knew the summons——Nor did they
 Such monitor require——for slowly creeps
 The tardy foot of Time, when the soul teems
 With

With deeds of import, and impatient waits
 The executing moment. — Onward came
 Led by three different paths, the *Patriot* CHIEFS,
 By Fate selected, midst these rugged scenes
 To plant that Freedom, which in after years
 Should shoot, should flourish, and its blessings spread
 O'er all *HELVETIA'S* Sons. — Pensive they walk'd,
 Warm'd by such virtuous ardour as inspir'd
 The *ROMAN* spirit, when the name of *ROME*
 In rigid honor bright, from the wide world
 Claim'd reverence — Faithful at th' appointed place
 They duly join'd. — It was a clay-wall'd Hut,
 Bosom'd in tufted trees, which on the verge
 Of craggy pastures sloping to the Lake
 Stood hid in silent shade ; where, when the heats
 Of Summer rag'd, the shepherd-boy was wont
 Careless to stretch his limbs, what time his flock
 Cropp'd the sweet wild-thyme, or the umbrage sought.
Of

Of some o'er-shadowing cliff.—'Tis not the place
 Which dignifies the act!—The noble mind
 Is ev'ry where the same!—Nor let the Great
 Who hold their councils but in tapstry'd halls,
 Deride this simple scene.—O! would to Heav'n!
 That all who sit in Senates, and decide
 The plans of Empire, thither went with minds
 As firmly independent, or as warm
 To feel with indignation ev'ry wrong
 That shakes their Country's peace!—The door now
 Suspended from a beam one lamp was hung [clos'd,
 To cheer the gloomy walls; and in each face
 Such greeting shew'd, as is far stronger told
 By looks, than language.—When DE STAUFFACH thus
 Op'd the nocturnal meeting—"Welcome, Friends,
 And welcome Brothers; for the name of Friend,
 As that of Brother, best belongs to those
 Whom one good Principle, one honest Fame

Unite in Love : albeit that the world
 Adulterates the titles ! — We are met,
 Like pious Children round an aged Sire,
 To prop his feeble arm, his silver hairs
 From infamy protect, and to his griefs
 Speak comfort — such our task — and such a Sire
 Our Country is ; far other times than these
 Once us'd to know — This State, which first beheld
 Our dawn of life, which rear'd our youthful years,
 Which saw us shoot to manhood, and hath yet
 Preserv'd our properties, now calls aloud
 Complaining ; summons ev'ry honest breast
 To feel its wrongs, and with a parent's voice
 Chides our unkind delay : each hour we breathe,
 The stern Vicegerents of proud AUSTRIA
 Tread on our sacred rights ! judging their wills
 To be our only laws. — Say, shall the tide
 Of wanton pow'r o'erwhelm us ? shall we sink,

Nor buffet with the torrent? — Is it meet
 We stand unmov'd spectators? tamely gaze
 Whilst the destroying flame lays all things waste?
 Rather let's leap into the funeral pile,
 And with our Country's ashes, mix our own. —
 He, who was born to Freedom, ne'er forgets
 The charms of Liberty, or e'er can bear
 Oppression's iron hand! — Yet think, my friends,
 Smiling at human arrogance, aloft
 Th' ETERNAL JUSTICE sits, with arm prepar'd
 To crush the ripen'd Tyrant, and avenge
 The conflicts of the Brave — There rest your trust —
 Haply through this dim labyrinth, his hand
 May shape our course, and point in our distress
 Some honourable means to loose our chains
 E'er yet they bind too hard, e'er yet sweet Hope
 Be but an empty name. — Better to die
 Than live inglorious! happier far not be,

Than be dependent on another's nod! —
 Ye guardian rocks, that round our little states
 Irregularly noble, raise your heads
 Majestic, down whose woody sides the rills
 Urge their wild course; how jocund was I wont
 To gaze upon you all? — how raptur'd once
 Rang'd I your clefted steeps? with Nature charm'd,
 And fair Simplicity: — and thou, lov'd Lake, —
 Who play'st in murmurs at their stony feet
 Thou too my joy hast witness'd: seen the smiles
 Content paints on the peaceful brow! — But now,
 Ye guardian rocks, that round our little states
 Irregularly noble, raise your heads
 Majestic, down whose woody sides the rills
 Urge their wild course, no longer do I range
 Jocund, your clefted steeps; the echo sweet
 Of Liberty no more allures! — And thou
 Lov'd Lake, who murmur'st at their stony feet,

Must

Must henceforth cease to witness to my joy,
 Nor more canst charm ! for tyranny, alas !
 Hath stain'd thy streams, and every spring is foul !"—

Here paus'd the Patriot ; for adown his cheek
 Quick roll'd th' involuntary tear, and stop'd
 His fault'ring voice ; it was the tribute paid
 By Sensibility to Social Love !——
 Not for himself he wept, no private loss :
 His gen'rous mind embrac'd a suff'ring land
 And unborn generations——Tears like these
 How rarely see we now !——Yet howfoe'er
 A fordid interest, or selfish views
 Mislead an erring world, the human soul
 Ne'er shines more bright, than when she feels, and aids
 The wretchedness of others !——On such worth
 Approving Heav'n looks down, and, smiling, bids
 Recording angels register the deed !——

With countenance attentive, FURST took in
 His friend's complaint ;—and added, “ Nor to me
 Less odious is the cause which brings us here ;
 'Tis ever present to my thoughts ; when morn
 Calls up the healthful Hind, or evening calm
 Bids peace to man ;——but unto such as me
 Bids it in vain ! for restless slumber they
 Who taste Affliction's cup : on my worn heart
 Still preys the bitter draught, and mocks repose—
 Or when tir'd Nature haply yields, even then
 Fancy for ever pregnant, to my sense
 Pictures her visionary shapes, nor scarce
 Allows my sorrows pause.—Last night I dreamt,
 (Nor slight a dream, tho' reason interdict
 Too fond a credit) that beneath the shade
 Of a tall spreading oak, whose branches cheer
 My small paternal Farm, I musing sat
 My Country's fortune ; how the hand of Fate

To states, to princes, and to private men
 Portions their blifs and woe ; when I beheld
 An aged Form approach me, which portray'd
 My Father's person, whose dear mem'ry yet
 Is green amongst us ;——Drest methought he stood
 As he was wont ; and tho' my throbbing heart
 Panted for utt'rance, yet a tremor seiz'd
 My agitated spirits, and deny'd
 My tongue its office ; whilst with aspect mild,
 And looks that breath'd benevolence and love,
 He thus reliev'd me——“ Far dispell'd, my son,
 “ Be all that can alarm thee ; view me here
 “ A friendly visitant ; nor unto me
 “ Unknown thy suff'rings, or the worthy flame
 “ Thy soul is nourishing ! I only come
 “ To give it life. —— If honour's virtuous seeds
 “ Are not extinct, which in thy youthful mind
 “ With early care I cherish'd, let them now

“ In vigour shoot, and blossom into fame.——
 “ Affliction is our touchstone, she alone
 “ Best shews us what we are, and summons up
 “ In the great hour of trial and effect,
 “ A strength we knew not of!——The time, my son,
 “ Is nearly ripe, when this long-injur’d land
 “ Shall claim thy service——Give it as a man;
 “ And thank the Heav’ns who call thee to assert
 “ The glorious cause of Freedom.”——Saying this
 He seem’d in act to part, whilst at his feet
 I threw me to embrace his rev’rend knees,
 And urge his longer stay;——when into air
 He melted like a vapour.——On my sense
 Yet still th’ impression of the Phantom lives;
 And there shall live, and prove my guiding Star.——
 The time is near (so said the honour’d Shade)
 To claim our services——And how so well
 Can we restore our groaning Country’s peace,

As from the hand of Pow'r boldly to wrest
 The staff of Office, whose oppressive sway
 Too long we've suffer'd?—Of their solemn trust
 When those ordain'd the Guardians of our laws
 Become forgetful, or misuse their charge,
 Plum'd in authority; 'tis Virtue then,
 Nay our strict duty, to protect ourselves,
 And thunder in their ears, They are but men,
 As such responsible.—For say, my friends,
 What is the cement of our concord here?
 Or what the bonds which hold in amity
 The peopled world?—Sprung from one gen'ral bed,
 Great Nature's children, we are all born free,
 And claim our birthright—But that Pow'r supreme,
 Who fashion'd first our complicated frame,
 Ne'er meant the soul of man should be controul'd
 By those base views which only move around
 The centre of self-love—Our mutual wants,

Our

Our mutual means of aid, call'd forth to view
 Each nobler virtue, and awak'd the mind
 To Friendship——to Benevolence——to Fame.—
 Hence rose SOCIETY ; Hence those dear names
 Which heart to heart unite,——and man to man ;
 Hence all the tend'rest ties our bosoms know,—
 Hence Life's sublimest raptures——Nations met
 As one vast family, to share alike
 The future Cloud, or Sun-shine.—While the cause,
 Or injury of *each*, was felt by *all*,
 And strictly judg'd——Rulers were chosen out
 As gen'ral Parents, to protect their rights
 And vindicate their wrongs ; whilst unto them
 Honor, obedience, and respect were due,
 As their just tribute paid.—This mutual chain
 Links States, and Empires ; 'tis the compact firm
 Of kings and subjects ; but if once 'tis broke,
 Or should this gen'ral Parent e'er betray

His

His sacred trust, or prove a gen'ral foe;
 The reign of Nature must again return,
 And her first, strongest law, is — *Self-defence.*"

Towhom, thus MELCHTAL — "Worthy countrymen,
 I with an eager ear have unto both
 Listen'd attentively ; and all you've said
 Seems to wear Reason's stamp. — His native rights
 Man never should relinquish — for the soul
 By Tyranny feels its bright powers debas'd,
 Its faculties relax'd — 'Tis Virtue's grave ! —
 And all those generous springs on which she moves
 When Liberty's fair smiles protect her hopes,
 There lie entomb'd ! — their ashes but produce
 A principle of conduct tenfold base,
 I even shrink to name it, — *abject Fear* ! —
 The Freedom by our Ancestors obtain'd,
 And unto us devolv'd, we hold *in Trust* ;

It is a sacred *Pledge* left in our hands,
 Of which we're but the *Guardians*, strictly bound
 To yield it up to our posterity
 Pure, and unstain'd. — O then, let Pity's eye
 Dart thro' the veil of years, and view the Race
 Who shall spring from us ; and in after times,
 When we're consign'd to dust, live in our stead,
 Tread the same path, with passions, and with hopes
 Like us endu'd, and all their claims as just ! —
 This crisis flit, they may hereafter want
 Force to regain what we ignobly lost ! —
 But grant they should — By Time the mind is taught
 Patient to bear its ills ; and as the rays
 Of Liberty decline, in the dark mist
 Which clouds its setting, *Public Virtue* sinks ! —
 The rampant Lion taken in the toils
 Shakes fierce his shaggy mane, and combats hard
 To rend the chain that holds him ; but his Cub
Rear'd

Rear'd in a cage, unconscious of the joy
 To range the wilds, fawns at his keeper's feet,
 And, quite forgetful of his nature, yields."——

“ Believe me, it transports my swelling soul,”
 Rejoin'd DE STAUFFACH, “ to observe your breasts
 Thus kindled by a flame which noble minds
 Alone can feel——Truth hangs upon your lips,
 And ev'ry argument with trumpet voice,
 Cries “ sleep no more,” Danger is at our gate,
 And flutters round our roof with Raven wing,
 The prophet of our fate——That which you urge
 For our POSTERITY, is that of all
 Which wounds the deepest, and pleads most within.—
 Were we alone the suff'ers, we alone
 Could bear the lot——our morn of life is o'er——
 'Twere but to pass its ev'ning with disgust,
 And close it somewhat hardly !——But for those

Who

Who must succeed us — should we cloud their hopes,
 Turn all their flow'ry walks to paths of thorns,
 Entail distress, and, sad inheritance!
 Bequeath them nought but *Bondage* — O! alas!
 Think how severely they would judge of us
 Who saw the storm, yet left untry'd the means
 To screen *them* from its blast! — Babes would learn
 To stammer out the base perfidious names
 Of MELCHTAL, FURST, and STAUFFACH; and old
 Sitting in Summer eves before their doors Men,
 With all their gather'd family around,
 Relate our shameful story! — Heav'n! avert
 A guilt so deep as this! — If that our names,
 When we've descended to the realms of Death,
 And Earth's return'd to Earth, by chance exist,
 Ne'er let Reproach sit mocking o'er our grave,
 And with contemptuous hand, point — "*here they lie!*" —
 No — let us act, that whether we are doom'd

To triumph, or to sink, our future Race
 May joy to own us, may revere our deeds,
 And crown our memories with grateful praise."

As ere the deep-ton'd Thunder's voice is heard
 Th' anticipating Lightning darts around
 A momentary notice ; so, with looks
 That quicker than his tongue his feelings told,
 FURST thus exclaim'd — " There needs not further
 To urge thy purpose; Thee, our faithful guide, [words
 We'll follow resolute — and what I speak
 Is but our common wish ; my MELCHTAL's eyes
 Look approbation — point us out the path,
 We'll loiter not behind. — How poor is life !
 Its joys how chill'd, when Liberty is lost !
 If joys may then exist ; when the curb'd mind
 No longer dares to reason, but perceives
 At ev'ry turn a barrier, and must bow

To

'To each fantastic mandate——'Tis a state
 Fit but for Coward slaves, who shrink at death,
 And guard on hardest terms a fickle flame
 Each wind may terminate——The truly Brave
 Know no such feelings, but with fix'd Resolve
 Combat Misfortune, nor from Danger start.——
 And many such as these, our cause divulg'd,
 We'll find amidst our friends, our destin'd lot
 Of Fame, or Peril, emulous to share.
 Justice shall guide us, and her champions arm
 With that good sword which half obtains the prize,
 And oft to Vict'ry leads —— *a Conscious Right.*" ——

Thus plainly reason'd They—their maxims drawn
 From NATURE's artless volume, read by minds
 Which VIRTUE had inform'd.——Compar'd to this,
 How vain the idle sophistry of schools!
 The pride of pedantry, or Learning's boast! ——

Thank

Thank Heav'n ! nor needs there these, to teach mankind
Their duty to themselves, and to the World!—

“ Nor think that we alone are pointed out,”
Resum'd DE STAUFFACH, “ by the hand of Fate,
And mark'd unfortunate ; look but around
The peopled Globe, in Time's revolving course
All have their Tyrants, all their hours of Woe !—
And as I well perceive the gen'rous sparks
Of Freedom glow within you, let me now
Augment their ardour, whilst I open lay
Th' historic page, and to your ears unfold
A deed of Fame, unknown perchance to you.

“ Tho' lock'd from Infancy, within the Bounds
Of these your barrier mountains, somewhat fure well A
You must have heard of ROME ? the glorious seat
Of Arts and Arms, once Mistress of the World ;

To whom obedient Kings in ev'ry clime
 Submissive bow'd, and own'd Her pow'r supreme:
 You may have heard of CÆSAR too, whose sword
 Subdu'd the brave HELVETII, and defil'd
 These peaceful regions with the stains of War——
 Become the Leader of those num'rous hosts
 Who rul'd the fate of Empires, round his head
 The blooming laurel twin'd, and the loud voice
 Of each Plebeian rais'd him to the skies:
 But not content to share those high rewards
 The ROMAN state conferr'd, his restless soul,
 Lur'd by Ambition's visionary schemes,
 Aspiring still, strove to be Lord of all.——

“ But while this cloud hung gath'ring over ROME,
 A few there were who mark'd with jealous eye
 This daring Man; saw, that at ev'ry step
 He trampled on their Rights, that ev'ry day

But

But pictur'd Freedom lost——E'en now my heart,
 By our too sad similitude of Woe
 Feels their distress!——Shall I go on, and say
 How oft they met? how oft deplor'd their fate,
 And pour'd their thoughts into each other's breast?
 Or of the league they swore to end his reign
 Who thus had all the various rays of Pow'r
 Centred within himself?——But I should first
 Have told you, chief of these was CÆSAR's friend,
 By name a BRUTUS, in his fost'ring smiles
 Rais'd, and protected; but whose patriot mind,
 When by this gen'ral insult rous'd, at once
 Cancell'd all private ties——“Ye righteous Gods!
 “If that I err,” he cry'd, as on the sword
 Which seal'd their mutual oath, his hand he laid,
 “If that I err, my error wash my crime!
 “Much to my Friend I owe,——my Country more;
 “And judge me, if I not esteem the debt
 “This native soil demands, beyond the bonds

“ Which link our partial int’rests.”——To be brief,
 His fatal hour was fix’d, and each prepar’d
 To stamp it with renown——In blaze of day,
 Amidst th’ assembled senate as he sat,
 They plung’d their daggers in his breast, and gave
 To ROME once more its Freedom——Victim like,
 Thus mighty CÆSAR fell, on whom mankind
 Had rivetted so long their wond’ring eyes,
 A sacrifice to Justice.——Yet his dust
 FAME still protects, scatt’ring around his Urn
 Full many a flow’r, which graceful would have breath’d
 Their blushing sweets, had not a *Tyrant’s* name
 With its dark shadow half their lustre hid !”——

He ended, and what time he thus describ’d
 ROME’s bravest Soldier, and her direst Foe,
 With greedy ear the list’ning Two imbib’d
 The *Home-felt* Tale, which shew’d the rigid force

Of

Of public Virtue, that could thus prevail
 O'er an admiring People, and subdue
 E'en Friendship's tend'rest claims—nought they reply'd,
 But side by side stood rooted; till at length
 With ardent looks, they mutually grasp'd hands,
 And shot their souls in at each other's eye,
 Pregnant with noblest purpose——well conceiv'd
 Of Both—for where concurrent Passions meet
 There needs no Herald's trumpet to announce
 Their meaning!—Language here had all been vain!
 Unequal to the workings of the Mind——

The awful silence of this solemn Scene
 DE STAUFFACH breaking, thus his speech renew'd.
 “ I see you're deeply touch'd — and who like you,
 Born with such spirits as are given to curb
 Th' Oppressor's arrogance, can hear unmov'd
 Th' achievements of the Brave?—In gen'rous Minds

There is a sympathy by Nature's hand
 Wisely imprest, making them prompt to feel
 Their mutual Injuries ! — yet, thanks to Heav'n,
 Albeit the Insults of Licentious Pow'r,
 As it did ROME, hath gall'd us with its yoke,
 Our lot's less hard ; the part we have to act
 Asks not the dagger's aid — for ill is drawn
 The sword that stirs up civil strife ; — to peace
 It rarely leads ! — When forth in terrors stalk
 Rage, and Revenge, who fitly can describe
 The Horrors that ensue ? or the dread scenes
 Of bloody Contest ? which too often miss
 Their purpos'd good ; and like to Rivers swell'd
 With sudden rains, lay waste the fertile banks
 They should have bless'd ! — Let us forthwith select
 A faithful band, and with matureness weigh
 The means of doing right — Our ripen'd strength,
 And ripen'd councils, then may boldly dare

To

To disallow the tributary claims
 Of haughty AUSTRIA, nay disown her sway
 So long usurp'd, and from our States expell
 Her sanction'd Rulers, never to return
 Whilst e'en one arm is left to cross their way. —
 What now remains for us, but here to pledge
 Our Lives, our Fortunes, and our Fame, in bonds
 That death alone shall cancel, ev'ry joy
 Henceforth renouncing, till we have restor'd
 Peace to our injur'd Country, or have fall'n
 Undaunted victims of the gen'ral wreck. —
 This be our League, and with a warm embrace
 Thus let us sign it on each other's breast."

So saying, close around each other's neck
 In cordial clasp they twin'd their folded arms,
 Firm seal of plighted Faith! while strongly throb'd
 Each heart, as bearing record, and the tear

Which glister'd tremulous on ev'ry eye
 Stood prologue of that manly, social love
 Which Virtue stir'd within——“ Thus let us stand”
 They cry'd, “ a Bulwark 'gainst our Foes ;—— And
 GREAT GOD of Justice, from thy starry Throne [Thou,
 Witness, and aid our Truth !—And ye bright SAINTS
 Who once like us were mortal, and like us
 Once trod the paths of Sorrow, liv'd in times
 Of trials most severe, and like us doom'd
 To combat hard for Freedom !——wherefoe'er
 Ye unembodiy'd dwell, still to our minds
 Be present——By your great Examples fir'd,
 Let us be taught firmly to persevere,
 And learn from You,—to triumph,—or to fall !”——

Thus clos'd the Council, for they now had mark'd
 The far advance of Night, and lest the eye
 Of prying Jealousy might o'er their deeds

Suspicion

Suspicion cast, the ever faithful voice
 Of Prudence caution'd to withdraw——So each
 Seeking again the way by which he came,
 Homeward return'd ; determin'd to embrace,
 As Heav'n should will,—or LIBERTY—or DEATH.—

CONGENIAL SPIRITS ! Great as those that grac'd
 The GREEK or ROMAN Annals, when they shone
 Most glorious——If aright th' enraptur'd Muse
 Can read Futurity's dim page, this League
 On Virtue's firm foundation shall uprear
 That FREEDOM, which HELVETIA'S Sons shall know
 For long succeeding ages !——As aloft
 From its slight shaft the Cedar shoots, and spreads
 Wide its extending branches ; from this Night
 So shall such ardour for the Public Good,
 Such thirst of Glory spring, that far around
 Its blessings stretching, neighb'ring States shall strive
 To

To emulate your deeds, and stand enroll'd
 Confed'rates in your fame!—AUSTRIA shall rue
 Her hour of Insult; and when bright array'd
 In all the pomp of battle, she returns
 To punish your Revolt, MONGARTEN's hills,
 (Which like THERMOPYLÆ that saw o'erthrown
 The mighty host of PERSIA,) shall instruct
 Th' astonish'd World, what Valour can achieve,
 When Liberty and Justice are its prize—
 Yes—at MONGARTEN's Pass, the Muse surveys
 Your little Bands, firm as the Rocks they guard,
 By you conducted, so appal the foe,
 Tho' more than trebly trebling your account,
 That all their routed Legions, pale with shame,
 In terror fly before you—This GREAT DAY
 Confirms your glorious triumph, and that Peace
 AUSTRIA shall shake no more!—Nor less in *Arms*
 Than *Wisdom* conqu'ring, well-digested Laws,

Temp'rance

Temp'rance, and simplest Manners, shall invite
 ALLIANCES so strengthen'd, as shall give
 Your self-protected Regions a *new Name*,
 And *new Existence* ; which, whilst by your Sons
 Kept uncorrupted, will, I trust, endure
 Long as your cloud-top'd mountains !——Unto you,
 FIRST FOUNDERS of these blessings, shall be paid,
 To latest times, in ev'ry grateful form,
 Your Country's tribute ;——The historic page
 Shall chronicle your worth——And Sculptures rude,
 With zeal-wrought Paintings, both inform and fire
 Th' unletter'd mind !——Nay, ev'ry spot, where once
 Ye met, or dwelt, shall Piety devote
 To sacred use, and dedicate to Heav'n !——

Those value Freedom most, and guard it best,
 Who bought it dearest !——Then, ILLUSTRIOUS CHIEFS !
 If in those realms where virtuous spirits rest

When

When human toils are o'er, aught here below
 Can give an added transport to your Joys,
 Amidst these honours of your native States,
 For what your *Wisdom* plann'd, your *Valour* won,
 Deem not this tributary Verse the least,
 Since it is offer'd by a BRITON's hand! —

And now HYPERION with his ruddy cheeks
 Rose from his wat'ry bed, and to his car
 Leash'd his swift steeds, impatient to begin
 Their Course diurnal : while the opening light
 Preceding like his Herald, shot its rays
 O'er all the Eastern hills——The Village-Cock
 Stretching his wings awakes the lab'ring Hind,
 And strutting round his cottage, loud proclaims,
 'With clarion shrill —— the Advent of the morn.——

T H E
TABULA VOTIVA,

Occasioned by a Visit received from two
young Ladies, while under Confinement
with a swelled Eye.

WRITTEN AT GENEVA IN M.DCC.LVI.

T H E sharpness of the cutting BIZE,*
Too apt the human Frame to seize,
Which blowing o'er this beauteous LAKE,
Can each soft muscle pris'ner take,
Had so clos'd up AMYNTOR's eye,
He scarce could any object spy ;

* The North East Wind, so called there.

A cambric

A cambric handkerchief around

The weak side of his head was bound;

Like JUSTICE, whom we often find

By Artists painted as half blind.——

Three days he breath'd the chamber air,

And idled in his elbow chair ;

Nay e'en the fourth had done the same,

But that to RUMOUR's Ears it came,

Who whisper'd it around the town,

Till 'twas a serious matter grown ;

Enlarging as she went about,

First 'twas *one* eye,——then *both* were out.——

But, Reader, let me here express

My wish a little to digress,

That I may paint this Gossip, RUMOUR,

Offspring of *Mischief* and *Ill-Humour* ;

Of

Of Truth regardless, none she'll spare,
 But spreads her Falshoods ev'ry where.
 Drop but a hint, she forms a Tale,
 And with it instantly sets sail;
 In *circulation* swift it flies,
Indors'd by fifty other Lies.—

Now at the CHANGE her stand she takes,
 There *groans*, and PUBLIC CREDIT shakes;
 And e'er the imposition's known,
 The mischief's done, the Beldame flown.—
 Sometimes at ROUTS you'll see her flaunt,
 A tawdry, sharp-nos'd, Maiden Aunt;
 Who steady to her lov'd vocation,
 Whispers away a Reputation.

“ So, Ma'am, you've hear'd, no doubt, Miss
 “ Is gone with COL'NEL you know who, [PRUE
 “ Lord who'd have thought it! — but her Mo-
 “ Was, between friends, just such another; [ther

“ Our Sex have lost all shame, I think ;

“ Poor Lady GRACE has ta'en to drink,

“ Few will believe it, but *I* clearly

“ Have seen it, ———tho *I love her dearly.* ———

“ Pray, Madam, what do People say

“ Of our griev'd friend, the *Widow GRAY* ?

“ *I hear*, tho' broken-hearted reckon'd,

“ Her *Footman's* talk'd of for her SECOND, ” ———

RUMOUR by turns all dresses tries,

Now splendid ——— now in mean disguise ;

Beneath the latter shape, you'll meet

The Wand'rer oft in LONDON Street

As ragged as a RUSSIAN Bear,

With Ginshop voice, and matted Hair,

Proclaiming, while her head she louses,

The King's Harangue to both the Houses ;

Or bawling with more dismal screech

The TYBURN HERO's *dying Speech*,

As

*As how he clos'd his guilty life,
With the last letter sent his wife.——*

And this is She the *ÆNEID* sings,
With fifty mouths, and fifty wings,
Who flew about, than wind much faster,
To tell of *DIDO's* sad Disaster.——

The *TROJAN* Horse, as *VIRGIL* notes,
Was cramm'd with *Men* instead of *Oats*,
RUMOUR, like him, cannot digest
What is for common stomachs drest ;
In her's, *fresh News* you still must throw in,
To keep her mouth for ever going.——

AMYNTOR's Case now being known,
As we've remark'd, throughout the Town,
A Thought came into *FANNY's* mind,
A Thought benevolent and kind,

To bring with her her Sister KITTY,
 And cheer his roof in gentle pity :
 For sure great Condescension is it,
 When the *Fair* make the *Blind* a visit !
 GOOD NATURE had them by the hand,
 And close behind, in social band,
 The blooming GRACES debonair
 Came tripping round this lively Pair.

And here again I might digress,
 To sing their Beauty and Address,
 Their polish'd Manners, and their Ease,
 Sweet Power, and sweeter Wish, to please ;
 But I conceive 'twould better run,
 If by a Simile 'twere done.
 Thus, when the *Queen of Love*, and JUNO,
 Who was a greater Queen as you know,

On

On IDA's Top their Rival met

To see who could the *Pippen* get,

BEAUTY *There* won the Judge's eyes —

Here SENSE and BEAUTY shar'd the Prize. —

And now behold them with the Squire,

Sipping their tea beside the fire,

With sprightly wit, and cheerful joke

That liveliest converse could provoke,

No more AMYNOR felt his Pain,

'Twas Ease, 'twas Joy return'd again :

The Eye disdaining to be bound,

Impatient felt to peep around,

Like a good Fencer play'd its part,

And boldly push'd in TIERCE and QUART ;

Its ardour made each fibre play,

Gave it new strength to force its way,

And exercis'd its pow'r so well
 That down the cambric bandage fell:
 Nor is it strange,——for where's the Eye
 That would be clos'd when Beauty's by?
 Beauty can by its magic spell
 The gath'ring Gloom of Life repel,
 Its beams their radiant brightness dart,
 And make each hov'ring shade depart.——

Thus P H O E B U S in a misty morning,
 Upon the Eastern Mountains yawning,
 Just risen out of T H E T I S' Bed,
 Throws off his cap, and shakes his head;
 His Eyes he rubs, his Arms he stretches,
 Calls for his Nags and Leather Breeches;
 N I G H T's Vapours all before him fly,
 And well they know the reason why:

In

In Prose or Verse Truth must be told,
 This PHOEBUS is a Sportsman bold,
 And hunts the Clouds throughout the Air
 As Men on Earth hunt Fox and Hare. —

The CURE PERFORM'D, what can I less
 Than warmest Gratitude express?
 I would a *Votive Chaplet* twine
 With Myrtle, and with Eglantine,
 The vary'd Hyacinth so sweet,
 The Moss-Rose, and the Violet,
 Which when arrang'd with Art and Grace,
 I at these Ladies' feet would place;
 But this I can't, and just the reason,
 There's not a Flow'r as yet in season:
 Our circling ALPS still hid in snow,
 And bound in frost the Vales below —

What's to be done in such a time ?

I'll e'en relate my case in rhyme,

And tho' but little skill'd to write,

Transmit my Thanks in black and white ;

And their kind Service to repay,

These Lines upon their Toilet lay.—

The PILGRIM thus for mercies shewn,

His grateful sentiments to own,

Journeys to seek the Altar, where

The Saint's inshrined who heard his Pray'r ;

With zeal suspending at its side

(Where fifty other such are ty'd)

A TABULA VOTIVA, that

Describes his Story very pat ;

Whence all who view it may confess

The Saint hath pow'r to *cure* and *bless*.

A N
ODE TO FRIENDSHIP;

INSCRIBED TO
JAMES BRUCE, Esq.

WRITTEN AT GENEVA IN M.DCC.LVI.

I.

E'EN let th' Ungrateful, and th' Unkind,
The Faithless Wretch, the Narrow Mind,
Enjoy their selfish Dream :
Far let them wander from my sight,
They ne'er can relish what I write,
When FRIENDSHIP is my theme.

II.

'Tis to a Heart like yours, that feels
 Each joy its sacred fire reveals,
 I consecrate these lines ;
 Benevolence alone can know
 Its influence mild, that social glow
 Which ev'ry Sense refines.

III.

In NATURE's wisdom were we made
 Dependent on each other's aid,
 Life's pleasures to improve ;
 Subject to Wants which Pity ask,
 Assign'd in turn that noblest task
 Of cheering those we love.

IV. Connected

IV.

Connected by this mutual tye,
 The World becomes one Family,
 Doom'd the same Fate to know;
 The gen'rous purpose swells the breast,
 And he who makes a Brother blest,
 Himself is doubly so. —

V.

Fairer than any fabled Maid
 That breathes beneath poetic shade,
 Or sports in TEMPE's vale;
 Grateful as is th' approach of Spring,
 Who wafts each blessing on her wing,
 Thrice lovely FRIENDSHIP hail!

VI.

As Life's uncertain ways we tread,
 Circled by Cares, with Dangers spread,
 How sweet thy soothing voice !
 To guide the morning steps of Youth,
 To fix them in the paths of Truth,
 And point them Virtue's choice !

VII.

Nor less thy succ'ring hand we find
 When noon-tide Passions shake the mind,
 And give new Evils birth ;
 Or in the evening gloom of Age,
 To calm its Woes, its Pains assuage,
 And prop it to the earth !

VIII. Vain

VIII.

Vain is each gift that Wealth can show'r,

Cheerless and cold Love's myrtle bow'r,

By Thee, bright Nymph, unblest !

Tho' Fortune lavish ev'ry joy,

If Thou art absent, soon they cloy,

Midst Splendor we're distressed.

IX.

But, with Thee ev'ry walk is sweet,

The public Haunt, the lone Retreat,

The mountain's rugged sides ;

Thy Sun-shine gladdens ev'ry scene,

Plays round the heart with ray serene,

And human pomp derides !

X. However

X.

However humble be the spot

Where Destiny shall fix my lot,

My fig-tree, and my vine,

Would FRIENDSHIP make my roof her care,

And plant her envy'd blessings there,

I never should repine.

XI.

Confiding in a chosen Few,

Calmly Life's bus'ness I'd pursue,

And my good stars commend ;

In pity fighting for the Great,

Who 'midst their luxury and state

Scarce find a real Friend.

THE ADIEU:

Presented to a young Lady at GENEVA, on her
setting out to return to ENGLAND.

WRITTEN IN M.DCC.LVI.

AND is, alas! the parting hour at hand
That calls Thee Fair-one to thy native land?
Will this sweet Lake, these Mountains charm no more?
Or keep Thee longer on a foreign shore?
Ah! no—this Lake, these Mountains plead in vain;
'Tis ENGLAND asks Thee — Why should I complain?

True to that worth which long shall be rever'd,
I'll range these scenes thy presence so endear'd;

Recall

X.

However humble be the spot
 Where Destiny shall fix my lot,
 My fig-tree, and my vine,
 Would FRIENDSHIP make my roof her care,
 And plant her envy'd blessings there,
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XI.

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True to that worth which long shall be rever'd,
I'll range these scenes thy presence so endear'd;

Recall

Recall those jocund hours of social mirth
 That gave to Pleasure, gave to Friendship birth;
 Too soon they fled! too strongly leave behind
 Their fond remembrance to distress the mind!

Oft still shall Fancy meet Thee in our walk,
 In the cool breeze still listen to thy talk,
 And roving pensive the imbow'ring shade,
 Half hope to find Thee, thou excelling Maid:
 Alas! our wonted walk no more will please,
 The shade imbow'ring, or the cooling breeze!—

Thus, when some gallant Vessel to the gale
 Leaving the Port, unfurls each swelling sail,
 The Merchant views her, less'ning as she flies,
 Till lost in Mist she mocks his aking eyes:
 Nor even then can end his anxious Care,
 His Hope, his Int'rests—nay—his All is there!

VERSES,

V E R S E S,

OCCASIONED BY VISITING IN 1756,

A small CHAPEL on the LAKE of LUCERN,
in the Canton of U R I,

ERECTED TO THE MEMORY OF THE FAMOUS

W I L L I A M T E L L.*

W HILE Flatt'ry's hand adorns the swelling Dome,
Inscribes the rising Column's trophy'd base,
Or titles strips from prostituted ROME,
To deck some wretch, the scandal of his race;
The

* As this personage may not be recollected by every reader, it may not be improper to observe, that though he was not one of the *Three distinguished Characters* who first planned the Liberty of SWITZERLAND, yet he had an active part in that Revolution.—TELL having given some slight offence

The lowliest Roof that Piety can rear,

The humblest Turf o'er Virtue's cold remains,
To Contemplation's eye more fair appear

Than all the wonders of EGYPTIAN plains.

I shun the Pile that Tyrants ashes keeps,

Its splendor ne'er can tempt my lonely way ;
Amid these peaceful scenes, these rugged steeps,

These sky-topp'd rocks, with more delight I stray.

Eager I seek this Structure, yet unprais'd,

Which all LUCERNO's subject LAKE commands ;
Of simplest form, a rude memorial rais'd,
Not by ambitious, but by grateful hands.

offence to GESSLER, the governor of URI, GESSLER, in the wantonness of tyranny, sentenced TELL, who was accounted a most expert Archer, to shoot off an Apple placed on his Son's head.—This he effected, without hurting the child ; but exasperated at the cruelty of the command, from that moment openly renounced the Governor's authority ; and joining the other Confederates, became effectively the means of accelerating this important event.

To

To TELL 'twas rear'd, whose Country was his pride,
 Who join'd those Bands which made that Country
 Renounc'd Oppression's yoke, and boldly cry'd [free ;
 " Spurn it, my zealous followers, like me."

What tho' no looks (some daring Artist's boast)
 In PARIAN Stone thy anxious mind confess,
 No sculptur'd Infant fills the dang'rous post,
 And eyes a Father's terror and distress :

Yet in rude Painting is thy Story told,
 Thy firmness register'd on faithful walls ;
 While those who feel its blessings, here behold
 A Tale, that all their gratitude recalls.

Yes, shade renown'd ! while Freedom boasts a name,
 HELVETIA's Bards shall bid thy laurels bloom ;
 Attesting nations pay the debt of Fame,
 And leave to Kings the pageant of a Tomb !

And should at length, beneath some Tyrant's steel,
 Thy Country's freedom with thy mem'ry die,
 From perish'd annals urge thy bold Appeal,
 And claim a nobler record in the sky.

T H E
T W O F L I E S.

A F A B L E.

W R I T T E N I N M . D C C . L V I I .

'T W A S at an ancient rural seat,
 A country-gentleman's retreat,
 The usual hour when dinner ends,
 And people toast their absent friends.
 In a large Hall of antique state
 The Family assembled fat,
 Round which was seen on ev'ry side,
 Of Birth and Heraldry the pride ;

Old Ancestors in order hung,
 And Coats of Arms between them strung,
 With branching Horns from space to space,
 The spoils of many a weary Chace.—
 The cloth was mov'd, the grace was said,
 And on the old oak-table spread
 Such fruits as Summer-months produce,
 With sweetmeats both for show and use;
 Or, to describe in terms of Art,
 Was cover'd with a nice *Dessert* :
 While all in chat the time beguile,
 The 'Squire roars, the Ladies smile,
 The joke goes round, the glasses ring
 To *Liberty*, and *Church and King*.

Two FLIES extravagantly gay,
 The idle beings of a day,

A false

A false philosophy pursu'd,
 That *Pleasure* was the *sov'reign Good*,
 A doctrine which in days of yore
 A certain GREEK had taught before.
 Each hour their scene of life they chang'd,
 New gardens, fields, and meadows rang'd,
 Of ev'ry flow'r enjoy'd the bloom,
 And wanton'd in the rich perfume.
 Luxurious oft they would repose
 On the soft foliage of the Rose,
 Or in the morn the dew-drops sup
 From the sweet Lily's silver cup ;
 Nay, dar'd the fragrant odour seek
 Of STELLA's lip, or STELLA's cheek :
 Nor would one fingle wish restrain
 Their *summum Bonum* to attain. —

Fortune, or Fate, decreed this way
 Our young Adventurers should stray ;
 Who marking such delicious cheer,
 Resolv'd to fix their quarters here ;
 Down on the table they alight,
 Indulge their taste, and feast their sight ;
 With hasty step they walk about
 The scented Melon's rugged coat,
 Each glass they sipp'd, each plate they try'd,
 Then pierc'd the Peach's velvet side ;
 Nor Cherry, Fig, or juicy Grape
 Could their insatiate touch escape.
 At length, upon a little jar
 Of floating Sweetmeats, from afar,
 Their eyes they threw, and round the rim
 In many a circling eddy skim ;
 Now bolder on the border dance,
 And spite of Danger still advance :

“ Th’

"Th' Occasion was not to be lost,"
 The foremost cry'd, "whate'er it cost ;
 And letting ev'ry Passion loose,
 He plung'd into the tempting juice.—
 The moral Muse must tell the rest,
 The tempting juice receiv'd its guest
 With glew'd Embraces——such as prove
 The force of Falshood——not of Love! ——

There is a time when all things cloy !
 There's e'en Satiety in Joy !——
 Now fully gorg'd with his repast,
 He found his feet were fetter'd fast,
 He strove the margin to regain,
 But ev'ry wish and hope was vain ;
 With new collected strength he springs,
 The clammy matter binds his wings,

Till suffocated, clogg'd, and prest,
His wanton Friend he thus addrest:

“ Withdraw, my brother, e'er too late,
“ And happier thou, remark my fate;
“ Doom'd here, my Error to deplore,
“ And from this lake to rise no more.
“ Sorrow shall travel at his side,
“ Who makes not *Temperance* his guide!
“ Struck with my crime, I here abjure
“ The system false of EPICURE;
“ Go, preach it down, and render wise
“ The antient *Commonwealth of Flies*.”

He said; — the Syrup choak'd the rest;
Then swelling with a sigh his breast,
He mutter'd somewhat of a pray'r,
But all was *bur*, and lost in air;

THE END

And

And sinking, fought those shades below

Where Flies and other Insects go. —

So he who rolls on *Pleasure's* bed,

And with her garland crowns his head,

Slave to her fascinating power,

Still shuns *Reflection's* sober hour,

Who roams about new Joys to meet,

And greedy tastes of *ev'ry* sweet ;

Past as a dream his life shall find,

Leaving no virtuous trace behind,

And like our *dissipated Fly*,

The victim of his Folly — die ! —

E P I L O G U E,
Spoken at the Theatre-Royal in DRURY-LANE,
1758, by Miss PRITCHARD,
In the Character of the
FRENCHIFIED LADY.

BOLDLY to lash the Vices of the Age
The Comic Muse advent'rous treads the stage,
She ev'ry crime that injures Virtue's cause
In colours strong with daring pencil draws,
And to the World holds her impartial Glass,
That all may see their Follies as they pass.

But yet 'tis somewhat hard our Bard to night
'Gainst one SICILIAN dame should vent his spite,
Because

Because (poor thing !) she thought the FRENCH alone
 Had the *true Taste*, and ap'd it for *her own*,
 Since there's an island you will all agree,
 That *mimics them* much more than SICILY ;
 That with this Passion stains its rip'ning fame,
 And far more justly might his Satire claim.

In former times fair ENGLAND would have scorn'd
 Those sons she saw in *foreign* robes adorn'd :
 Our manners were *our own* ; a hardy Race,
 We built no Praise on tinsel, or on lace,
 Too proud in fashions *Frenchmen* to obey,
 Form'd for *Originals* as well as they !
 Slave to a mode is no free BRITON's part ;
 For *Imitation* is a servile art !——
 In vain th' affected nod——the Nonchalance,——
 The snuff-box op'd with taste——the airy dance——

The

'The shrug—the cringe—the small-talk—the grimace,
Or all th' unmeaning tortures of the face.

The BRITON mask——thro' each disguise he wears

The plain, the downright *Islander* appears ;

And like the Afs by learned Æsop shewn,

Seems to have got a *skin* that's not *his own*.——

When CARTHAGE stood in pride of Arms elate,

The haughty Rival of the ROMAN State,

Think ye that ROMAN Youths, and ROMAN Maids

Wore CARTHAGENIAN ribband and brocades ?

No——“down with CARTHAGE, and her arts !” they
cry'd ;

And weaken'd CARTHAGE totter'd, sunk and dy'd !

The thing—the cringe—the small-talk—the grimace

Or all the humiliating tortures of the face

The Prison make—into each dilapidate he wears

The plume, the downy hair, the softer features

And like the Air by leavened flour thrown

Seems to have got a new face and a new tone

When a new world of things is made of things alone

The happy King of the Roman State

Think ye that Rome's old gods, and Roman Maids

Wore Carthaginian robes and Phoenician

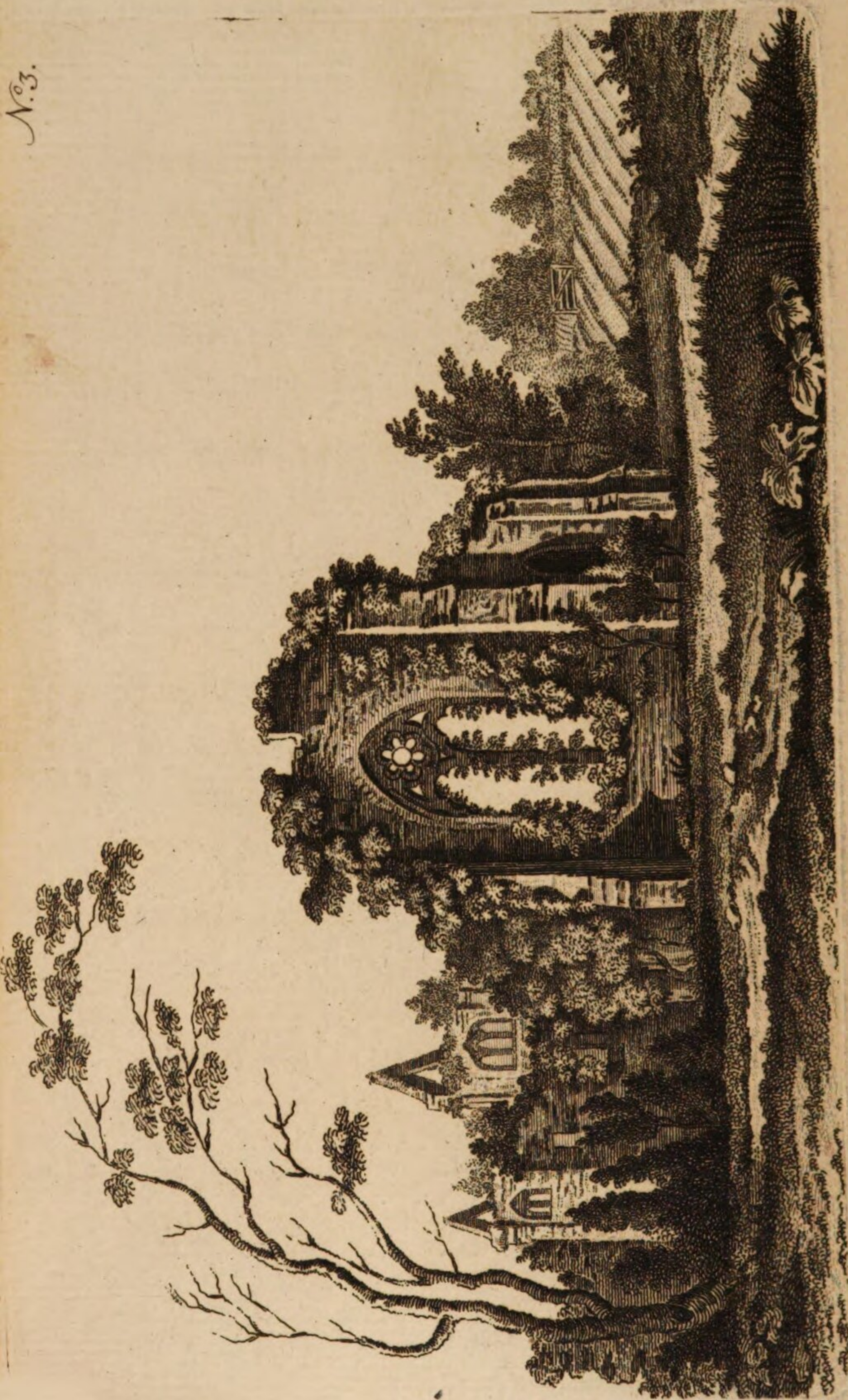
No—down with all that, and let all be new

CLV

And weaken'd by a new sort of force and of fire

NETLEY

No. 3.



NETLEY ABBEY.

A HISTORY.

By the Rev. John G. Nichols, M.A.,
Rector of the Abbey.

London: Printed by J. G. Nichols,
at the Abbey, 1844.

ENLARGED AND REPRINTED IN
1850.

NETLEY ABBEY

1841

1842

1843

1844



NETLEY ABBEY.

A N E L E G Y.

Horrendum Sylvis et Relligione Parentum.

Virgil.

FIRST PRINTED IN THE YEAR
M.DCC.LXIV.

ENLARGED AND REPRINTED IN
M.DCC.LXIX.

T O

JOHN HOWLAND BUREAU

THIS FORM

A N E L E G Y

(The Subject of this Poem is the Neigh-

bourhood of the County of Saint

MARY'S, 20th November 1840

Is with regard to the

is with regard to the

As well as the first printed in the year

M.D.C.C.LXIV.

ENLARGED AND REPRINTED IN

M.D.C.C.LXIX.

The Author

T O

JOHN HOADLY, LL. D. &c.

THIS POEM

(The Subject of which adorns the Neighbourhood of his Rectory of SAINT MARY'S, SOUTHAMPTON)

Is with singular Propriety,

As well as particular Esteem,

Inscribed

By his affectionate Friend,

The Author.

Vol. I

To

JOHN HODGKIN, Esq. D. D.

THIS POEM
SHORT ACCOUNT

(The Subject of which is the History
and Condition of the
ABBAY

Is with regular Progress
A History is one of the several
most important and interesting

no general history has been written
(though the city, college, and cathedral

of Worcester, as well as several other
conspicuous institutions, have received

particular notice in several other

accounts of the history of the
Vol. I

A
SHORT ACCOUNT
OF
NETLEY ABBEY.

AS *Hampshire* is one of the several *English* counties, of which, as yet, no general history has been written (though the city, college, and cathedral of WINCHESTER, as well as a few other conspicuous situations, have found employment for several able pens,) a short account of the venerable Piece of Anti-

VOL. I,

M

tiquity,

tiquity, which gave rise to the following Poem, may not prove unacceptable to the reader.

Few, indeed, are the materials by the assistance of which it is compiled; and the little merit it may be allowed to claim, is that of having collected some scattered particulars together, separating as much as possible the fabulous and historical traditions concerning its fate, since the general dissolution of religious houses in this kingdom. The task, inconsiderable as it may be, is at least, I hope, performed with fidelity; and every one acquainted with the place, will wish, like the Author, that more ample records of it had been extant. Buck has engraved a view of its ruins, I though,

though, I think, not so accurately as he has executed others. — The Frontispiece to this Poem is faithfully taken on the spot, from the east end of the Abbey; a point of view, in which it makes the most picturesque appearance.

The remains of NETLEY, or rather LETTELEY ABBEY (though it passes at present by the former of these names) are situated in the parish of *Hound**, on the eastern side of the SOUTHAMPTON river, between that town and CALSHOT Castle. In the year 1239 † king HENRY III. founded it as a monastery for CISTERCIAN ‡ Monks from BEAU-

* Vide *Eaton's Liber Valorum*.

† Annal. *Waverley* and Annal. *Parcolude MS.*

‡ Not *Augustin* Friars, as *Speed*.

LIEU*, and commended it (says TANNER) to the patronage of SAINT MARY and SAINT EDWARD. That it was first dedicated to the former of these, is sufficiently plain from the charter of king HENRY ; but that it was at any time consecrated to the latter, still remains to be proved. The words of the king's charter run thus, *Confirma-*

* Annal. *Parcolude* MS. BEAULIEU (five de *Bello Loco*) was founded by king JOHN, in the fifth year of his reign, for CISTERCIANS. He had treated the order before in that neighbourhood with the utmost cruelty, commanding his cavalry to trample their persons under foot ; but being terrified by visions, and prevailed on by those about him, he made them this short-lived Atonement ; for soon after repenting of his generosity, he renewed his former severities, and persecuted them to Extermination. Vid. *Monastic*. Tom. I.

mus Deo et Ecclesiæ SANCTÆ MARIÆ de Loco SANCTI EDWARDI; which implies no more than a grant to saint Mary's chapel at *Edwardstow*, or *Saint Edward's Place*. It is not improbable (as LETTELEY had been enriched by donations previous to that of its last Founder) that some structure had been raised there before by EDWARD, or was consecrated to him, and that HENRY only renewed the foundation, as he afterwards rebuilt WESTMINSTER ABBEY, which (as this might have been) was the work of THE CONFESSOR, his favourite Saint. The Arms of the same EDWARD are still visible on some parts of the roof and walls of the chapel.

As this Abbey is distinguished by va-

rious titles in the old records, &c. from which this scanty information concerning it is obtained—as NECTE-
LEYE,* LETTELY,† EDWARDSTOW,‡
or *de Loco Sancti Edwardi juxta South-*
ampton, it is worth while to remark,
that of these, the second in order seems
to be the name by which it passed in the

* *Necteleye super Mare.* Angl. sacr. I. 505.

Locus Sancti Edwardi quam Moderni *Natale*
vocant. *Madox's Exchequer*, p. 469. *Natale*,
MS. Tax Lincoln.

† Monast. Ang. and LELAND *De leto Loco*.
Speed.

‡ GODWIN, in the Life of PETER DE RUPI-
BUS, Bishop of WINCHESTER, whom he makes
the Founder, as does LELAND, Collect. I. 69.
He might intend, or did perhaps begin this
Monastery, but died 5th July, 1238; and hence
WEAVER makes this Bishop PETER Founder of
the Priory of EDWARDSTOW, in SUFFOLK.

Founder's time, as LETTELEYE or LETTELEGE,* was one of the manors which were confirmed and settled on it, in the grant already mentioned. A daring Etymologist, however, might go yet farther back in search of a justification for its present name of NETLEY; as CAMDEN informs us, that in the year 508 CERDIC, king of the *West Saxons*, engaged the *Britons*, and conquered NATANLEOD their King, and from his name a tract of land reaching to the site of this place, was so called. It is, however, more probable that the King's name was NATAN or NATA, which by the

* It is not mentioned, in either Charter, by the name of *Letteley*, though it is so called in the title to that of *Henry III.*

addition of *leod* (*Saxon*) *i. e.* country, signifies the tract or country of NATAN. But this is only conjecture.

Sir WILLIAM DUGDALE, who has preserved the charter of HENRY III. dated in the 25th year of his reign (A. D. 1251,) has given with it a subsequent grant from JOHN DE WARENNA Earl of SURRY in 1252, confirming a former one of ROGER DE CLARE, originally made in 1242, which was nine years antecedent to that of the King, in whose particular grant many former ones seem to have been included.* The first grant from ROGER DE CLARE cost

* ——— sicut Cartæ Donatorum, quas inde habent, rationabiliter testantur, Cart. Hen. III.

the

the Abbey 300 marks sterling, and the ratification of it from JOHN DE WARRENA, 20 more. About the time of the general Dissolution of religious Houses, there were in the Monastery an Abbot and twelve Monks,* whose possessions were then valued at 100*l.* 12*s.* 8*d.* *per Annum*, DUGDALE; 160*l.* 2*s.* 9*d.* $\frac{3}{4}$. SPEED. The site is said to have been granted 28th of HENRY VIII. to Sir WILLIAM PAULET.

The next information I receive, is from an interleaved almanac † for the year

* MS. Corp. Christ. Coll. Cant.

† This almanac (with a cabinet of medals, and other trinkets) descended to the author by inheritance. *Frances*, the second daughter of
Charles

year 1665, formerly belonging to Lady FRANCES DUCIE, only daughter to FRANCIS Lord SEYMOUR, Baron of TROUBRIDGE, the third grandson to the old *Earl of HERTFORD*, who married CATHARINE GREY, on whose account he was imprisoned nine years in the Tower. By one of several memorandums which that Lady had made, it appears that NETLEY was anciently a seat of this nobleman, *at whose particular desire the said FRANCIS Lord SEYMOUR's first Wife lay-in there, of Charles Lord SEYMOUR, second Baron of TROUBRIDGE, Lady DUCIE's brother, who was christened in the chapel of that house;* which was still preserved, and set apart CHARLES Lord SEYMOUR, mentioned in the memorandum, being married to Sir GEORGE HUNGERFORD, his great grandfather.

for

for sacred purposes. In the sixth year of EDWARD VI. when the *Earl of HERTFORD* was about 13 years of age, there passed an act which gave to the crown most of his dignities and lands, especially all such as were purchased by the duke his father after 32d HENRY VIII. when by a private act the lands, by him so purchased, were settled on the issue of his second marriage. It is not, therefore, unlikely that NETLEY, and the estate about it, might have been one of the appendages to the *Earldom of HERTFORD*, or *Barony of BEAUCHAMP*; both of which (after he had been deprived of his honours, &c.) were conferred on him by Queen ELIZABETH, in the first year of her reign, two days before her
corona-

coronation. At such a distance of time, it is become impossible, with any degree of certainty, to account for the means by which estates so often changed their possessors; as many of the smaller channels, through which succession naturally devolved, or was by force diverted, are closed by time. Under such disadvantages, could the search be revived, we should remember the task must be more often undertaken in obedience to the caprice of fruitless curiosity, than executed to the satisfaction of rational enquiry.

What is hitherto mentioned on various authorities (which the reader will find particularized at the bottom of these pages) as to the antiquity,
 Founder,

Founder, &c. of LETTELEY Abbey,
 is all that can be depended on as truth.
 WILLIS, indeed, (who, like his brother
 antiquarian PECK, was possessed of a
 happy credulity) has crowded a page
 or two in his *History of Mitred Abbies*,
 with every circumstance of every old
 woman's story he could meet with;
 but since the period already spoken of,
 we find no authentic anecdote that
 might serve the purpose of an enquirer
 into the ancient history of the place, ex-
 cept from a MS. note to a copy of
 the first edition of TANNER's *Notitia*
Monastica; which says, that the manor
 of *North Wigh, Oxon*, was held of NET-
 LEY Abbey at its dissolution; and that
 it had some possessions in the county of
Lincoln,

Lincoln, as appears by the underwritten extract from BLOUNT's *Ancient Tenures*, page 64 *.

For all that can be superadded, we are scarcely indebted to a record more faithful than that of common tradition; and the most that can be collected even from thence, is, that the Abbey has descended through the hands of various owners of various ranks, sects, and pro-

* Abbas de Netele tenet in Scargerthorp, Be-
 kingham, and Sutton in com. *Lincoln*, quoddam
 manerium cum pertin. quod habet de dono
Walteri de Burgo qui illud tenuit de domino rege
 in capite, per servitium reddendi domino regi
 unam capellam lineatam de syndone, et unum
 par calcarium deauratorum pro omni servitio.
*i. e. a head-piece lined with syndon or fine linen,
 and a pair of gilt spurs.*

Pla. de libertat. & quo War. 9 E. 1. *Lincoln*.

fessions,

fessions, and bears the marks of the
 several depredations of them all. A
 PURITAN, in the reign of JAMES I.
 (no less distinguished by his sordidness
 of disposition, than severity of manners)
 is said to have defaced many of its
 ornaments, and to have intended the
 demolition of the whole; but while he
 was giving orders to his workmen,
 was crushed to death by the fall of part
 of the building. The heap of stones
 under which he is supposed to lie bu-
 ried, is still pretended to be shewn.
 Superstition made its proper use of this
 Fable, and was very probably the
 means of protecting the Fabric, till
 some earl of HUNTINGDON (at what
 exact period is uncertain, though we
 can

can account for the connection between the HUNTINGDON and the SEYMOUR families) fitted it up for a place of residence, and desecrated the whole, by converting part of the chapel into a kitchen, and other offices. In this state (though in what hands we know not) the Abbey might continue till about the year 1700, when Sir BARTLET LUCY, the owner, disposed of such a part of the materials, by contract, to Masons, Plumbers, Carpenters, &c. as they could carry away in a limited time. These people are said, by the neighbours, to have been visited by judgments, proportioned to the different degrees of their imagined sacrilege. After this, the right of possession devolved

to

to HENRY CLIFT, Esquire, from whom the late Mr. DUMMER made the purchase.

That so little should be known of those who were in succession, masters of a place like this, will not appear unaccountable to him, who considers that the owner of an estate is the only person possessed of its credentials, or immediately concerned in the preservation of its records. Those to whom hereditary tenures descend, are not often solicitous about more than their value, sitting down to enjoy them with neither the power to extend a search into remoter ages themselves, or a wish to promote enquiries after the number or quality of their predecessors. So easily is that

permitted to be forgotten, which no lucrative views engage us to redeem from obscurity. The pride of families is not always the best security for the faithfulness of genealogical deductions. Greatness is less ready to disclose the sources from whence its riches flow, than to swallow their streams; and titles of splendor, in a pedigree, too often blush at their approximation to provident ingenuity, or successful trade. Hence it happens, that in the ostentatious accounts of families, none but those whose names can confer honour in their turn, are admitted to a place; as in contracted maps the little villages are passed over, and the road appears to conduct the traveller only through a series

series of market towns, and cities of extent and fame.

The situation of NETLEY ABBEY is such as would naturally have been chosen by those who wished at once for solitude and convenience. The abbey lands were its boundaries on all sides; and the SOUTHAMPTON river supplied it with many necessaries, at the same time as it lessened the frequency of communication with the busy part of the world. The spot where it stands is almost surrounded with beautiful woods, which slope gradually to the edge of the sea; and its prospects, both by land and water, are equally extensive and delightful. There are still visible, at some distance from the building, large

N 2

mounds,

mounds, which were thrown up as heads to ponds, calculated for the preservation of fish, and as reservoirs for fresh water. The form of part of the moat is preserved, though that of the whole structure cannot be so exactly ascertained. The chapel (like almost all others of the same age) was built in the form of a cross, having a nave, and side isles, with others intersecting them between that and the choir. Its highest pinnacles are said to have been formerly sea-marks ; but at present no remains of them are discoverable. The form of the Refectory and kitchen are yet preserved.

Before I close this introduction, I cannot but remark how natural it is for
those

those who have fixed on any subject, which is in itself local and unimportant, to offer previously some account of it, such as may tend to elevate it into consequence, or force it into observation. Of this necessity every one in similar circumstances is too well convinced; for the same object that seemed pregnant with many pleasing ideas to the writer, may be so treated as to prove barren of entertainment to the reader; and the moment of enthusiasm is more often incident to the inadvertent writer, than the sober critic. The author, who now abides the present censure, may be thought too presumptuous in offering an apology for that which may prove too inconsidera-

ble to intitle itself even to the reprehension of the public.

If, however, this little poem (which was first published in 1764) has received considerable alterations and additions, the author begs it may be understood that neither the one, nor the other, were made so much in consequence of any supposed merit of its own, as from a wish to preserve the memory of an ancient ruin, which has alternately suffered from weather, and the ill taste of its owners, to such a degree, that they who seek it a few years hence, may find it only in the following slight description of its situation and beauty.

NETLEY

NETLEY ABBEY.

AN ELEGY.

A Halcyon Calm has lull'd the wat'ry plain,
 Th' unmoving canvass flags beside the Mast,
 The gliding Bark scarce cleaves th' unruffled Main,
 Tho' fond Impatience bids each Zephyr haste. —

Such Stillness yields the gen'ral hour of rest;
 Such peaceful waftage to the Saint is giv'n,
 When, from Life's tumults hast'ning to be blest,
 He meets the smile of unoffended Heav'n!

Now light upsprings the breeze, the sails unfold,
 The ready Crew the fav'ring gale improve,
 The Sun-bright Current flames with waving gold,
 And each broad shore and forest seems to move.

I hail at last these Shades, this well-known Wood,
 That skirts with verdant slope the barren strand,
 Where NETLEY's Ruins, bord'ring on the flood,
 Forlorn in melancholy Greatness stand.

How chang'd, alas ! from that rever'd abode
 Grac'd by proud Majesty in ancient days,
 When Monks recluse these sacred pavements trod,
 And taught th' unletter'd World its MAKER's praise !

Now sunk, deserted, and with weeds o'ergrown,
 Yon prostrate walls their harder fate bewail ;
 Low on the ground their topmost Spires are thrown,
 Once friendly Marks to guide the wand'ring Sail.

The ivy now with rude luxuriance bends
 Its tangled foliage through the cloister'd space,
 O'er the green Window's mould'ring height ascends,
 And fondly clasps it with a last embrace.

Where burn the gorgeous Altar's lasting fires?
 Where frowns the dreadful Sanctuary now?
 No more Religion's awful flame aspires!
 No more th' Afylum guards the fated brow!

No more shall Charity, with sparkling eyes
 And smiles of Welcome, wide unfold the door,
 Where Pity list'ning still to Nature's cries,
 Befriends the Wretched, and relieves the Poor!

No more these hoary Wilds, these dark'ning Groves,
 To vocal Bands return the note of praise,
 Whose Chiefs (as slow their long procession moves)
 On the rear'd Cross with adoration gaze! —

And

And while to neighb'ring waves, th' unwonted show,
 Each parting bough, and op'ning glade reveals,
 The awe-struck Sailor checks the hast'ning prow,
 Suspends his oar, and wonders what he feels.—

Thus musing, oft I pace the moss-grown Isle,
 Each low-brow'd Vault, each dark Recess explore,
 While the bleak wind howls through the shatter'd Pile,
 Or wave hoarse-murm'ring breaks along the Shore.

No other sounds, amid these Arches heard,
 The death-like Silence of their Gloom molest,
 Save, the shrill plaints of some unsocial Bird,
 That seeks the house of Solitude to rest.

Save, when their tinkling leaders to the shade
 Of these cool grotts, invite the fleecy Folds,
 Where oft the fated Ox supinely laid
 With lowing herds a distant converse holds!

Or where the Gothic pillar's slender form
 (Unequal to th' incumbent quarry's weight)
 Deserts its post, and reeling to the storm,
 With sullen crash resigns its charge to Fate.

While the self-planted Oak, within confin'd,
 (Auxiliar to the Tempest's wild uproar)
 Its giant branches fluctuates to the Wind,
 And rends the wall whose aid it courts no more.

Here too (Belief could old Tradition claim)
 Where swells the rocky Mound in shapeless heaps,
 (His Name now lost, his Guilt divulg'd by Fame)
 Some rude Dismantler of this Abbey sleeps.

Long, long in thought the patient Earth he curs'd
 That bore the Fabric's then unbroken Spires ;
 Long wish'd the pow'r to bid Volcanos burst,
 Or call from Heav'n thought-executing fires.

“ Wide

“ Wide wave (he cry’d) all bright with golden Grain
 “ The neighbring vales, while this proud cumbrous
 “ For many a barren furlong chills the plain, [Mass
 “ And draws with idle zeal the Crowds that pass :

“ No more the Vot’ries of each time-shook pile,
 “ As Ruin’s heirs, shall call these shades their own ;
 “ For blazon’d Arms explore the pageant Isle,
 “ Or search dark registers of faithless stone.”

He spoke—resolv’d.—The menac’d Arches frown’d,
 The conscious walls in sudden Conflict join’d,
 Crush’d the pale Wretch in one promiscuous wound,
 And left this Monument of Wrath behind.—

Scenes such as these, with salutary change,
 O’er flatt’ring Life their melancholy cast ;
 Teach the free thoughts on wings of air to range,
 O’erlook the present, and recall the past !—

Here

Here pious Beadsmen, from the world retir'd,
 In blisful visions wing'd their souls to Heav'n;
 While future joys their sober transports fir'd,
 They wept their erring days, and were forgiv'n.

Their blameless Race succeeding, in these Cells
 Ere Death impos'd the lesson, learn'd to die;
 Alike forgot, no rais'd memorial tells
 In which lone spot their kindred Ashes lie!

Mute is the matin Bell, whose early call
 Warn'd the grey Fathers from their humble beds;
 No midnight Taper gleams along the wall,
 Or round the sculptur'd Saint its radiance sheds!

No Martyr's Shrine its high-wrought gold displays
 To bid the wond'ring Zealot hither roam;
 No Relick here the Pilgrim's toil o'er pays,
 And cheers his footsteps to a distant home!—

Still

Still Twilight now its shade advancing throws,
Faint in the West the Day's last blush is seen ;
On Night's dim Front the Star of Ev'ning glows,
And gilds with distant Beams the solemn scene.

Illusion now re-peoples all the Void,
From Death recalls the venerable Train
(Whose thoughts no more Earth's trivial cares employ'd)
To tread their ancient Bounds, and weep again.

Swift as her wish th' embody'd Shades appear,
O'er paths much chang'd with doubtful step they walk ;
Each eye rolls fast the visionary tear,
And list'ning Fancy thinks she hears them talk.

“ Say, rev'rend Forms, in Contemplation's hour,
“ While Life serene its golden Current roll'd,
“ Did no kind warning, no prophetic pow'r
“ This ravag'd Mansion's future woes unfold ?

“ Did

“ Did ye ne’er think the page of Joy would close ?
 “ Ne’er dread a Royal Plund’rer’s mighty hand ?
 “ Your exil’d Order’s yet unnumber’d woes,
 “ Their Name extinguish’d, and their Rites prophan’d ?”

Silent they pass, — then fading like a dream,
 To seek their lone unhonor’d Graves return ;
 Yet fleeting they bequeath a sigh, and seem
 With me these violated Groves to mourn. —

Yon parted Roofs that nod aloft in air,
 The threat’ning Battlement, the rifted Tow’r,
 The Choir’s loose fragments scatter’d round, declare,
 Insulting TIME, the Triumphs of thy pow’r !

Shall Man, unwarn’d, survey with prescient smile
 Of long Futurity, the plann’d Abode ? —
 Vain Augur, turn ! — behold where sinks the Pile
 A Monarch rais’d in honour of his God !

Low lies that sceptred Founder's holy head,
 Whose virtues bade these friendly walls ascend ;
 Applauding Angels grac'd his dying bed,
 And Hope's bright dawn rose cloudless on his end !

Lamented Prince ! — for Mercy's task he knew,
 The reins of lengthen'd Empire gently sway'd ;
 He rais'd the suppliant Tribe his Sire o'erthrew,
 And round his Bier each grateful Convent pray'd.

Not so retir'd fell JOHN's indignant soul —
 For him no vows the doom of Heav'n oppos'd ;
 Insulted Priesthood mix'd th' envenom'd Bowl,
 And Death his eyes in howling anguish clos'd.

Unsteady Ruler of a nation's helm !
 Long struggling Freedom own'd thy hard Command ;
 Till fierce in arms thy BARONS shook the Realm,
 And tore THE CHARTER from thy ling'ring hand !

Peace

Peace guard their dust!—their merits Glory crown!—
 Too far their worth transports the roving Muse,
 Who kindles at the tale of old Renown,
 Nor dares the Strain to Liberty refuse.—

And now — farewell, ye Walls, ye Roofs sublime,
 Ye length'ning Choirs, a venerable gloom!
 And when, like you, your Poet bows to Time,
 In yon dim Cloister yield his ashes room!

His hopes ne'er rose to emulate the Dead,
 Whose dear-bought trophies crowd the venal Fane,
 Where sculptur'd MARS may wreath the Coward's head,
 Or TRUTH's bright form o'er perjur'd dust complain.

Midst Life's gay Scenes your calm Retreats he lov'd,
 Your wrested pomp his artless numbers mourn—
 Where led, by choice, his pensive footsteps rov'd,
 May Friendship place, and you protect his urn!—

Could aught yet more endear your circling Wood,
 It is, ARDELIA! unconstrain'd and free,
 That here, reflecting on Life's sum of good,
 My breast first heav'd an anxious sigh for Thee!

You too, YE FAIR, of neighb'ring scenes the grace
 (Whose envy'd praise the Bard advent'rous seeks,)
 Once deign to visit this sequester'd place,
 Instruction's voice amidst the Ruin speaks!

Whence claim they praise, these piles which strewn
 (A steril burthen) mock their former state? [on Earth
 'Tis from remembrance of their youthful Worth;—
 They once were beautiful!—they once were great!

Those Charms alone survive that deck the Heart,
 Command respect which growing years increase,
 Bloom when the Roses from the Cheek depart,
 And ebbing Life's tumultuous raptures cease!

Forgive the Muse, if with presumptuous love
 She wooes your ears t'attend her moral Lay;
 Lest faithless to themselves your pleasures prove,
 And uselefs time steal unimprov'd away!

For know, your bosoms feed a Flame as bright
 As cheers a dying CATO's latest hour;
 A youthful AMMON warms to lead the fight,
 Or lights a JULIUS to the goal of pow'r!

Oh! trust not then the force of radiant Eyes
 Those short-liv'd glories of your sportive band,—
 Pleas'd with its Stars, though laughing Morn arise
 A steadier beam Meridian Skies demand!

Reflect, ere (Victor of each lovely Frame)
 TIME bids th' external, fleeting Graces fade,
 'Tis Reason's Base supports the noblest Claim,
 'Tis Sense preserves the Conquests Beauty made!

A

PASTORAL BALLAD.

HOW wretched the Maiden who loves
A Shepherd unworthy her care!

From Fair-one, to Fair-one who roves,

And whose Promise is lighter than Air!

Such the Sorrows which poor PHILLIS knew,

Who COLIN too rashly believ'd;

His aim was to triumph o'er you,

Ah! PHILLIS, unkindly deceiv'd! —

Beneath the dark Cypress she lay,

And sigh'd her Complaint to the Wind

“ That her COLIN had wander'd away,

“ And left her despairing behind.”

All cold, and stretch'd out in the shade

By the Virgins, pale PHILLIS was found ;

And a scroll on her bosom was laid,

Declaring, that Love gave the wound. —

The Shepherds still speak of her Truth

As they point out her Grave with a sigh,

And upbraid thy inconstancy, Youth !

Who could suffer such Beauty to die.

E P I L O G U E

T O T H E

W O N D E R.

Spoken by VIOLANTE.

O U R Author made a most egregious Blunder,
And much presum'd, to call this Play *THE WONDER*,
Because a Woman would not to her Lover
The *Secret* she was sworn to keep, *discover* ;
She, acting true to Character, conceal'd it ;
The *WONDER* would have been had she reveal'd it ! —
Is it not strange that any one should dare
To think such *Firmness* in our Sex was rare ? —
Upon my life the Men are such odd fellows,
They're even grown of *Female Virtues* jealous ;

And

And in their wise opinions seem t'agree
 We hold them, like *Our Thirde*——by *Courtesy*.
 Our humbler Genius never ought to soar;
 Flirt, and coquet, we may, but —— nothing more! ——
 These *mighty Lords* come all so learn'd from College,
 They grudge poor Us our little share of Knowledge! ——
 Let them their two *dead Languages* still boast,
 We of our *living* ONE will make the most,
 And show them all, that we'll assert our Sway,
 And know our *lawful Rights* as well as they ——
 Gallants! how scar'd you look —— the case is clear,
 You keep us ignorant because you *fear*;
 But for this Art of yours, your boasted Pow'rs
 High as you rate them, soon would stoop to ours.
 Go, search in ancient, or in modern Story,
 What Virtues have not stamp'd our Sex's Glory?
 Blushing, you'll this assertion then believe,
 No Deed so great a Woman can't achieve! ——

Ladies, since things are thus, take this advice,
 Be in your choice of Men extremely nice ;
 They are so arrogant, and so untrue,
 Trust them no more than you're *oblig'd* to do :
 Besides, they are all so *curious*, they're for knowing,
 Like my DON FELIX, every thing that's doing ;
 And tell a Secret to them, if they're Young,
 At the next Tavern it slips off their tongue ;
 If Old, there's still as little chance 'twill keep,
 They doat, or doze, and blab it in their sleep.

Caution'd by me, ye Fair, be this your plan,
 Since there's no shunning that strange Compound, Man,
 Like VIOLANTE, even to a Lover
 The Secret which he longs for, ne'er discover ;
 Be you but firmly fix'd in this, and show it,
 You'll find your Swain will die but he will know it.—

Never

Never your Favors, or your Smiles dispense
 But to the Man of Worth, and Man of Sense;
 Keep the whole Race of Fools and Coxcombs under,
 And we *must* reign, or show — A *Second Wonder*.

THE
TEMPLE-STUDENT

AN EPISTLE

TO A FRIEND

Who had requested the Author's Opinion of
a Poetical Composition

It may be said, that the Author of this Epistle
may expect some favourable notice from the
public, as he has written in the most elegant
and correct manner, and in the most judicious
style of the age, and in the most elegant
and correct style of the age.

CORR. 1771. 1772. 1773. 1774.

FIRST PRINTED IN THE YEAR

M.DCC.LXXV.

T H E
TEMPLE-STUDENT:

A N E P I S T L E

T O A F R I E N D,

Who had requested the Author's Opinion of
a Poetical Composition.

I may safely affirm, that there is nothing herein, but
may either open some Windows of the Law, to let in
more Light to the Student, by diligent Search to see the
Secrets of the Law, or to move him to doubt.

COKE, LITT. lib. iii. cap. xiii sect. 749.

FIRST PRINTED IN THE YEAR
M.DCC.LXV.

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P R E F I X E D T O T H E
F I R S T E D I T I O N .

TH E annexed Poem was put into my hands by a gentleman who was administrator to the Author, and who communicated to me this short account of him. That he was a Member of the TEMPLE, and had been predestined to the Bar by his Godfather, a *Bencher* of GRAY'S INN, from whom
he

he had considerable expectations ; who though himself unsuccessful in his Profession, yet came to Town every TERM, to eat his Commons, and talk over law-cases with his Contemporaries.——At his death he bequeathed his Godson nothing but his *books* ; and our Author's own parents dying while he was young, he fell under the care of an old maiden Aunt, who marrying afterwards a *Serjeant at law*, her head ran so much on the GREAT SEALS, that she was sure her Nephew could not fail of obtaining them.——After a fruitless attendance of *thirteen years* as a Barrister, he retired into the North, on a small income, and probably disappointed ; where being over persuaded by a set
of

of Fox-hunters who had been his cronies at College, to partake of their diversion, about two years since he broke his neck in taking a hollow way.—

Though he used to say that he looked on the great outlines of the study of the Law to be truly liberal, and entertained the highest respect for many of its Members, yet he was fond sometimes of bantering the Profession; but it was always with pleasantry and good-humour, never *personal*; for he *detested* a laugh raised *at the expence* of another.—

By a memorandum found in his pocket-book, it appeared that in his *thirteen years* practice, he had signed *five* *eiections*, twice *justified bail*, been *once* counsel

counsel for a convict at WINCHESTER,
 opened *four answers in Chancery*, and
 confirmed *a Master's Report*; and that
 he had relinquished the WESTERN CIR-
 CUIT at the end of *eight* years, on find-
 ing himself annually *four score pounds*
 out of pocket.

THE
TEMPLE-STUDENT:
AN EPISTLE.

DEAR Sir, your Poem was receiv'd,
And if a Friend may be believ'd,
In Verse, (to spare a Prose Narration,)
I'll say it met with approbation ;
And gain'd such praise as best was fitting
The taste and manner it was writ in.
Flatt'ry should alway stand aloof,
Nor e'er approach Affection's roof,

Where Honesty and Kindness dwell,

And Plainness ever wishing well. —

But why should you my thoughts entice?

Or ask of ME, good Sir, advice?

Advice! unless about receiving

The certain profits of your *Living*,

Your wrangling Parish how to tire,

Or subjugate the restive Squire.

No Lawyer ever loves digression,

Or answers out of his Profession.

Besides, I've bid the ART good-night,

And vow'd I never more would write;

Have long ago each Bard forsook,

To read *the Comments* of Lord COKE,

And in my Study sat me down,

To doze o'er ancient LITTLETON;

With PLOWDEN, FLETA, and old BRACTON,

For sense their works benum'd to act on. —

Besides,

Besides, it is not quite so prudent
 To lure aside a TEMPLE-STUDENT,
 Who fast each vagrant thought should bind,
Eject the Muses from his mind,
 Nor let his *mortgag'd* thoughts engage
 With Fancy's *alienating* page.
 For *Evidence* agrees, that he
 Who for a *Judgeship* puts to sea,
 Must still with utmost caution clear
 From the PARNASSIAN SYRENS steer,
 Nor stop, his steady Course to alter,
 At HELICON, to take in water;
 But chief of all each wind implore,
 To waft him from CYTHERA's shore;
 Where *Doctors* oft, a hapless Band,
 And shipwreck'd *Lawyers*, curse the sand!—
 Thus while the stricter watch to keep,
 Like PALINURUS, half asleep,

Each mutineer I strive to quiet,
 That in my Ship might breed a riot,
 You, with the magic of your pen,
 Bid FANCY's gales arise again.

O! could I in some LONG VACATION
 Slip from myself, and occupation,
 Whilst in the pasture of my brain
 A few short blades of sense remain,
 Which LAW, that Beast, hath not yet eat on,
 Or with foul *Trespass* set his feet on:
 Again the banish'd NINE I'd sue,
 And wreath one Chaplet more for You.
 Your Friendship then in Verse should live;
 The Muse no sweeter theme could give;
 A Friendship springing from the heart,
 Not born of Int'rest, nor of Art;

In

In numbers warmly bold, I'd raise
 Some kind memorial to your praise;
 Pleas'd, on your many Virtues dwell,
 And paint that worth I love so well.

Thrice happy you, to whom belong
 The pow'rs of Harmony and Song;
 Who, when your long elm-walk in shade is,
 Can court the NINE POETIC LADIES,
 A favor'd Crony of them all,
 They come obedient to your Call.
 They shew their trinkets, ope their treasures,
 And round you dance in vary'd measures,
 Still charm your ear with GRECIAN story,
 Or fire your soul with ROMAN glory.

Whilst I am doom'd to tread a way
 Where never Muse was seen to stray,

About a trackless Waste to ride
 Without a way-post, or a guide,
 And yet oblig'd to move along,
 Uncertain whether right or wrong.——

Come, DULNESS, drowsy-featur'd Fair,
 Slide from the Justice elbow-chair,
 And with thee bring such pat expressions,
 As thou retail'st at QUARTER SESSIONS,
 When his grave *Worship* gives his *Charge*,
 And paints the wicked world at large ;
 Or, when the QUORUM on the Bench
 Are questioning some naughty Wench ;
 Or, when PROVINCIAL Council try
 Their tiny wits in bastardy,
 Enquire about *before* and *after*,
 And shake the clumsy Bench with laughter,
 Then shrug, and nod, and wink, and leer,
 To see if *country neighbours* hear ;

No

No longer there a triumph keep,
 Or talk poor Jurymen asleep;
 But hither bend thy steps of lead,
 The conscious TEMPLE knows thy tread;
 View the sad subject of my Cares,
 Mark the dread load my table bears,
 My papers search, and when you've done
 Confess me LAW's devoted Son.
 Condemn'd to toil o'er joyless books
 Of TOM OF STILES and JOHN OF NOKES,
 The diff'rent properties to see
 Of *lands in TAIL*, and *lands in FEE*,
 Or, by great dint of search discover
 The doctrine of REMAINDERS OVER.
 To note what title comes to A,
 Expectant on the death of K,
 Or, in default of Issue Male,
 If C can enter in the TAIL;

And if nor A, nor C have sons,
 Whether the Donor's meaning runs
 That P, and Q, his own RIGHT HEIRS,
 Should then come in for equal shares.—
 Next, I consult the various pow'rs
 Of making GRANTS, and WILLS, and DOW'RS;
 Learn how JOINT TENANTS hold together,
 While those IN COMMON fell and sever.
 Or else I turn, with genius plastic,
 My eyes to Law *Ecclesiastic*;
 Read all with which sage writers load us,
 Of GLEBE, ADVOWSON, TITHE, and MODUS.
 No *newly-instituted* Vicar
 Could do this needful bus'ness quicker.
 And, should inquiry grow more bold,
 I take a peep at COPYHOLD;
 Observe how *Fines* and *Fees* fall due,
 And how his right *the Lord* must sue.

Nor

Nor is all this the fiftieth part
 Of what's to know and get by heart. —
 And if you touch on SPECIAL PLEADING,
 That's of itself an *endless Reading*.

But as a Bow that's always bent
 Hath soon its force elastic spent ;
 So, left the over-burthen'd brain
 (Which can't too great a weight sustain)
 Should not so much rich food digest,
 'Tis sometimes good to give it rest.
 Quite jaded out, I march to NANDO'S,
 And look as grave as any man does,
 Shake hands with friends I wish to see,
 And take my sober pot of tea ;
 Touch the light topics of the day,
 Ask for my letters ? — What's the play ? —

Or,

Or, if I have already had 'em,
 Lounge at the bar, be smart with Madam;
 'Tis hot, 'tis cold, 'tis dirty weather,
 With all such small-talk patch'd together,
 As modern conversations teach,
 And fix for standard parts of speech.—
 A Coffee-house serves many uses;
 Deep *Politicians* it produces;
 Supplies with *Critic Wits* the place,
 As *Hockley* breeds the canine Race.
 And is a general rendezvous
 For telling, or for reading, News.—
 The paper skim'd, my chat exhausted,
 By no fresh Comer-in accosted;
 I listen to some STUDENT Posse,
 Who ne'er was taught TEIPSUM NOSCE,
 And yet in Modesty's despite,
 Are setting all *the Judges* right,

Re-arguing

Re-arguing an hour, or more,
 What two *wise Serjeants* said before.
 The box resounds with LILLY'S ENTRIES,
 LEVINZ,—CROKE JAMES,—and SECOND VEN-
 TRIS,—
 STATUTE OF GLOUCESTER,—POLLEXFEN,—
 POPHAM,—SIXTH MODERN, *Folio ten*,—
 HALE,—DYER,—SALKELD,—BARNARDISTON,—
 And twenty more whose names I've mist on.
 My head and ears confus'd, I find
 One cannot *here* relax the Mind,
 In vain she strives to slip her chains,
 LAW, LAW, through all these regions reigns;
 So back to Chambers I return,
 More Patience, and more Law, to learn.

Now, gentle Friend, mark well my station;
 Is it not chequer'd with vexation?

Observe

Observe how ev'ry vagrant thought
 Within a narrow limit's brought,
 Forbidden far from home to stray,
 Left back it never find its way!—
 Fresh toil to toil must still succeed,
 As one plague does a second breed!
 And lo! another scene is dawning,
 My LAUNDRESS' key announces morning,
 Slow turning in the rusty lock,
 It marks Time, sure as any clock;
 With iron tongue it bids me rise,
 And drives all slumber from my eyes.
 Unwilling from my bed I creep,
 "Six hours (says COKE)'s enough for sleep,"
 'Till you're deep read, and then, mayhap,
 You may indulge a longer nap.
 The Learn'd oft nod, and shut their eyes
 Like Owls, and thence are reckon'd wise!

STUDENTS

STUDENTS should venerate their betters,
 Nor murmur at such legal fetters,
 Should tread the paths chalk'd out by Sages
 Who liv'd, and wrote in former ages ;
 Their maxims rigidly pursue :
Grey-bearded DICTUMS must be true !—

But soon *the Courts* will all be set,
 An hour no STUDENT should forget,
 Vow'd to the Law, I would not choofe
 The smallest particle to lose ;
 Tho' not so strict as many men,
 Who ev'ry *affidavit* pen,
 And minute with the same desire
 Whate'er is said from BENCH to CRYER.—
 A breakfast first of *Law* I stuff in,
 Then swallow quick my tea and muffin,
 With

With *ink-horn* trim'd, and *quill* cut taper,
 And *note-book* rul'd, and *blotting-paper*,
 Looking as solemn as a Judge,
 Thus arm'd, to WESTMINSTER I trudge:
 Where fearless Front, with prating Spirit,
 Oft fares as well as bashful Merit,
 Which here so little notice draws,
 'Tis rarely Council in a Cause,
 By most Attornies as unknown
 As if it ne'er had worn a Gown.
 Yet think not hence, he always bears
 The Prize, who cudgels most our ears,
 Or, that who aim to gain applause
 By jeering o'er ill-study'd Laws
 Success infure;—woe to that Day,
 When *Sound* shall carry *Sense* away;
 No—shining *Genius* still must rise,
 Rear'd by the *Public's* fost'ring Eyes:

By

By shining *Genius*, such I mean
 As ev'ry now and then is seen,
 And, greatly soaring, puts to shame,
 Each *petty Advocate* for Fame.
 The Tide of Time, we daily note,
 Came'en the heaviest Timber float;
 Cumb'rous and slow, by many a jog,
 At last steals on th' inactive log;
 Compar'd to this, quick passing by,
 All lighter bodies seem to fly;
 They to the point they aim at bound,
 Nor ever stick, or run aground.—
 'Mongst Men such diff'rence *here* you see
 As must confirm my Simile—
 But hold—the MUSES must not sport,
 Or touch, *the Practice of the Court*.
 No Suitor's claims are hence neglected,
 The *Course of Law* no jot affected;

DULNESS

DULNESS may prate, but ne'er prevail,
 JUSTICE still holds her steady scale,
 Whose Beam can no false Weight obey,
 Whilst INDEPENDENT JUDGES sway.

What sanguine Hopes the STUDENT please
 Of future *Causes*, future *Fees*,
 As He ascends *the Steps* where stand
 With spruce comb'd *Wig*, and clear-starch'd *Band*,
 Small Groups of Advocates most pliant,
 Peering about to find a Client,
 Ready their Talents to apply,
 Either in *Law* or *Equity*.
 But if th' Experienc'd you believe,
 E'en *legal* Hopes sometimes deceive.
 The GOLDEN SHOW'r within these Walls,
 Like other Show'rs, oft *partial* falls;

Some

Some are well soak'd from Toe to Top,
Others scarce get a single Drop.

Hail! REV'REND HALL! full many a Race
Hast thou beheld thy Pavements pace,
Who trod with Expectation here
Th' unvary'd Round from Year to Year!
Still blowing up their little Fire,
Still vex'd that they could get no higher,
How vain, how busy, sharp and bustling!
The World, and one another jostling!
Till by degrees they dropp'd unseen,
And finish'd Life's contentious Scene!—
Where are the *knotty Points* they nibbled!
The *Reams of Paper* that they scribbled!
Where now the *angry Words* they sputter'd!
Where the *wise Sayings* which they utter'd!

Their TERM is o'er, their Toils forgotten !
 They, and their Clients, long since rotten !
 Whilst THOU hast stood the Storm of Years,
 A manly Grace thy front yet wears !
 Thy Sides their ancient Pride sustain,
 Tho' scarr'd with many a mouldy stain !
 ANGELS thy GOTHIC Roof support,
 And spread their Wings o'er ev'ry Court,
 One hence should think all Suitors there
 Of heav'nly Beings were the care !
 Yet, Reader, be it understood,
 Our Guardian ANGELS are but *Wood* ;
 Unmov'd they gaze on all below,
 And nothing of what's doing know :
 Clients in vain their Aid invoke,
 They're form'd of toughest *Irish Oak*,
 Which as the Nat'ralist confesses,
 This wish'd-for Property possesses,
That

That greatly must to all endear them,
 No *noxious Vermin* dare come near them—
 ANGELS *in Grain!* had ye the Pow'r
 To drop this Virtue on *the Floor*,
 It henceforth never would be pac'd
 By those who have its Stones disgrac'd,
 Attornies lost to Shame and Awe,
 Who *spin* and *wind* the *Web of Law*,
 Would want a Place whereon *to fix*,
 And play their Artful, *Spider Tricks*.
 No more to rouze the good Man's spleen,
 Would on this Pavement *then* be seen,
 The fallow, parchment-visag'd Jew,
 Coming *to give the Devil his Due*,
 Himself just ransom'd from a Jail,
 Off'ring to *justify for Bail*.
 Whilst Falshood darkens more his looks,
 Dauntless he kisses MOSES' Books,

And tho' in fact not worth *five Pounds*,
 Vows that in *Hundreds* he abounds ;
 Already *Bail* in twenty Suits,
 Each Accusation he refutes,
 And drest in *tawdriest Decay*,
 Would swear a Registry away,

Rise from the *bottom of your Well*,
 Sweet TRUTH, where Poets say you dwell ;
 Tho' chill'd, and dripping wet, come here
Rogues only your dread Presence fear :
 O'er ev'ry Court your influence stretch,
 And brand with Shame, the perjur'd Wretch,
 Whose harden'd prostituted Mind,
 Nor *you* can move, nor *Oaths* can bind. —

When round my Rooms I throw my eye,
 And hundreds of huge Volumes spy,

Which

Which Sages prove, or soon, or late,
 Must all be search'd, if I'd be great;
 And then, the matter more to mend,
 Be ready at my fingers end —
 For such a Task, I fighting say,
Threescore and ten is but a Day;
 And ere the Bus'ness half is done,
 The measur'd sands of Life are run! —
 How oft I've heard the Parson cry,
 " Poor Man is only born to die;"
 Schismatic Lawyers change this Creed,
 And say, " Poor Man is born to read."
 He reads indeed, and blinds his Eyes,
 Forgets what he has read, — and dies;
 Nor *Coif*, nor *Fur*, nor *Seals* attains,
 Which fed his Hopes, and mock'd his Pains:
 Nay worse, — no Friend to push him on,
 His Income spent, his Credit gone,

His Mind a Stranger grown to Ease,
 Not more his itching Palms to FEES,
 Obscurely lost, he pines to Death,
 And clientless resigns his Breath ;
 Doom'd e'en this Fate, perchance to meet
 In the sad Purlieus of the FLEET !
 Where grinning Scorn, and Want, deride
 The last Remains of humbled Pride !

But hail, POSTERITY ! for you
 I, Prophet-like, good Omens view.
 The Road our Ancestors have taken,
 Will shortly be by you forsaken.
 They journey'd through for many an Age
Black-letter'd Folios irksome Page,
 Belabour'd up and down their Shelves,
 Their *Quartos*, their *Octavos*, *Twelves* ;
 Oblig'd

Oblig'd to note, turn back, collate,
 Perplex'd with *Reference*, and *Date*.——
 But TIME, who laughs at such Rebuffs,
 And on Life's Stage the Candles snuffs,
 To give more Light, as Writers say,
 To those who sit and see the Play :
 Or 'twixt the Acts, like ancient CHORUS,
 Who wise and bald appears before us,
 Telling the Crowd how Things are going,
 And what behind the Scenes is doing,
 Who thus oft strange Discoveries makes,
 Kept one *incog.* for your dear Sakes ;
 Hark ! he declares, you may ride post,
 Nor (as your Fathers were) be crost.
 Their thorny Paths no more will tease you,
 A Turnpike's made, you'll travel easy ;
 Ruts, Bogs, and Clays no more prevail,
 You'll now run glibly on the Nail.

The pitying Heav'ns, who wept to see
 The *Wilds* of Law, and EQUITY,
 Where STUDENTS were so often mir'd,
 In which so many Wand'ers tir'd,
 To comfort both, with blest Intent,
 At last have AN ABRIDGER sent ;
 Whose *Vade Mecum*, legal *Olio*,
 In FOUR AND TWENTY VOLUMES FOLIO,
 Affords to all a rare Repast,
 And boasts Variety of Taste ;
 Fresh on your Table it appears,
 A *standing Dish* for twenty Years ;
 Still gives your Appetite new Joy ;
 'Tis rich, and yet can never cloy ;
 'Tis like an Essence, which dispenses
Multum in Parvo to the Senses ;
 Enough can ne'er be said about it ;
 No TEMPLAR'S Rooms should be without it :

Bow,

Bow, STUDENTS, to this Law-refiner,
And cry, “ God blefs good Master VINER.”

— Ah ! how much happier pafs’d those Days,
When, ravish’d by the Poets Lays,
The Hours were wont too swift to fly,
And danc’d in wanton Measures by.
I then, transported, Hand in Hand
With SPENCER trod enchanted Land,
While plumed Knights and burnish’d Shields,
Wide glitter’d round his FAIRY FIELDS:
Or felt great SHAKESPEARE’S Pow’rs controul
Each various Movements of the Soul,
From Pity’s source compel the Tear,
Or chill my throbbing Breast with Fear,
Transport me thro’ the yielding Air,
And place me how he would, and where.

Or

Or when, of earthly Story tir'd,
 To higher Knowledge I aspir'd,
 Through young Creation rang'd along,
 Imparadis'd in MILTON's Song.
 Or pass'd intent on Themes sublime,
 Th' unmeasurable Bounds of Time.
 But now, farewell, ye flow'ry Cells,
 Where bright IMAGINATION dwells,
 Round whom in Circles ever gay
 The young IDEAS love to play ;
 Farewell, to FANCY's sportive Shades !
 Farewell, ye sweet AONIAN Maids !
 Receive this last Adieu from me ;
 Go, blest some Youth whose Mind is free ;
 Whilst I a Slave to formal Courts,
 To CASES, RECORDS, and REPORTS,
 The Course I hate am doom'd to run,
 And if I *backward* turn, undone.

'Twas thus when ADAM's hapless Fate
 Forc'd him to pass thro' EDEN's Gate,
 He saw around a lowring Sky,
 Patient obey'd, yet dropp'd a Sigh ;
 A cheerless Prospect rose to View,
 How chang'd from Scenes he lately knew !
 Rugged his Path !——for now his Way
 Thro' PARADISE no longer lay :
 Each Recollection gave him pain,
 But loitering he found was vain :
 Onward he mov'd, with Head reclin'd,
 Yet cast his ling'ring Looks behind.

END OF THE FIRST VOLUME.

Two other men, Adam and Noah,

Had him to see the 'Bible' of the

the law around a burning sky

C O N T E N T S

A short list of the most

How many of the 'Bible' he had

F I R S T V O L U M E

This 'Bible' is no longer

and the 'Bible' is no longer

But the 'Bible' is no longer

Opward he went, with his

T H E F I R S T V O L U M E

Ancient and Modern

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ERRATA.

Page 130. l. 5. for *bad* read *led*.

Directions

Directions for placing the Plates
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